

The CANADIAN FORUM

Thirty-First Year of Issue

July, 1951

The Massey Report

► WHERE SHALL THE ARTS look for a patron? Many who have searched in vain have just about resigned themselves to the gradual decline of all artistic and humanistic activities through impoverishment and neglect. No longer does the church sponsor original work by the muralist, the worker in stained glass and the musician. The kings are few in number and hard pressed to meet the rising cost of living, from which their royal status does not exempt them. The millionaire patrons are a disappearing species, with only the occasional foundation or fund left standing like a pyramid to mark the passing of an ancient line.

To turn culture over to a Ministry is a possibility but not an acceptable one. It is full of too many dangers for the democratic spirit, and for the freedom of the creative people who are the advance scouts, the trail-breakers of individual liberty.

In the Massey Report we have been offered a possible solution to the difficult conundrum of the survival of the things of the spirit in a materialistic age. The proposal calls for the creation of a body to be known as the *Canada Council for the Arts, Letters, Humanities and Social Sciences*. This body, equipped with a competent staff, a Council of able citizens from all parts of Canada, and federal funds, would link the federal government and the voluntary societies, provincial governments, universities, and individual scholars and artists. By the device of this intermediary body it is hoped to achieve state assistance for the arts, letters, humanities and social sciences, without state control. The *Canada Council* would also serve as a central clearing house for information. In addition to linking voluntary efforts with government efforts in the field of culture, it would encourage cultural exchange with other countries through scholarships, meetings and tours. It would provide information in response to enquiries by cultural bodies, educators and individual artists in other countries. It would maintain contact with UNESCO, and sponsor an annual conference on UNESCO affairs.

The proposed *Canada Council* must be tested by trial. It offers the prospect of a democratic solution to the problem of state assistance for educators and creative workers, without strangling their freedom with bureaucratic red-tape and political control.

As the reader already knows from press reports, the Massey Report has much to say on a number of related sub-

jects. It recommends that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation retain its authority over radio, and also undertake the development of television in the same spirit as radio. It commends the work of the National Film Board, and urges that it be provided with the means to expand and improve its work. The cultural agencies of the government—its archives, museums, art galleries—are dying of neglect and must be overhauled, nourished and brought back to life. Their benefits must be enjoyed, not just by the residents of Ottawa where they are located, but by all Canada. A national library is long overdue. The crisis of our universities must be met with federal funds; these funds must be administered provincially, through co-operation with the provincial governments which have constitutional authority over education. In rescuing the universities from their crisis of economic strangulation, special attention must be paid to readjusting the serious lack of balance between the humanities and the practical sciences. Money has been readily available for cyclotrons and for industrial research, but not for libraries, traditional scholarship or for the creative worker whose product enriches the whole society, without bringing a specific price in any store or market.

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The *Massey Report* says all this, and much more. It says it in rich and flowing prose, its arguments well supported with logic, facts and statistics. To all who can spare the time and effort, a thorough study of the *Massey Report* will be richly rewarding. To give the essential message of the Report in short space, Thos. Nelson and Sons are publishing a short summary of the Report edited by Albert A. Shea, who served as a consultant on mass communications to UNESCO, and whose writings are known to our readers. For those who may argue that the international scene is too perilous to spend time on cultural matters, the Report has some pertinent remarks:

"If we as a nation are concerned with the problem of defence, what, we may ask ourselves, are we defending? We are defending civilization, our share of it, our contribution to it. The things with which our enquiry deals are the elements which give civilization its character and its meaning. It would be paradoxical to defend something which we are unwilling to strengthen and enrich, and which we even allow to decline."

Two dangers face the Massey Report: distortion and neglect. Already, the Report has been cried down in some sections of the press as long hair, pro-British, and unrelated to the interests of the man in the street. The Report flies in the face of commercial interests in the mass media: the broadcaster, the would-be televiser, the film people. They will use the channels of communication which they control to fight the Report, and one way of arguing their side will be to discredit the whole Report. Until the question of the *Canada Council* is raised in parliament there will probably be little mention of it by the mass media. When it is discussed, the main concern will be with the extra burden it

will impose on the taxpayer. The Report is frank in stating that it will cost money to achieve results:

"If we in Canada are to have a more plentiful and better cultural fare, we must pay for it. Goodwill alone can do little for a starving plant: if the cultural life of Canada is anaemic, it must be nourished, and this will cost money."

Tribute must be paid to the government for appointing this Commission, and to its members for their splendid Report. They have presented us with a challenge and an opportunity. The battle is joined. The energy and resources of the Friends of the Massey Report is pitted against the Enemies of the Massey Report. Take your side, select your weapons, and prepare for the fray.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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For What We Have Received

By the end of June it is very hard for most normal people to think of international affairs except in terms of the coming summer holiday. Unfortunately neither cold wars nor hot wars permit of summer holidays. But if we are going off for a rest we can enjoy it much more cheerfully this summer than we could last year. After a year of war in Korea things look much brighter than they seemed likely to do last summer when American and South Korean troops were being driven steadily down the Korean peninsula.

It has been pretty well demonstrated that the Communists cannot drive United Nations forces out of Korea without a bigger effort from Moscow and Peking than the Politbureau seems prepared to undertake. And while the situation is threatening in Iran and elsewhere, it does look as if the demonstration of strength and determination by the West during the past twelve months has made the Kremlin cautious about further aggressions. On the other hand all those hopeful sentimentalists from Mr. Nehru in India to Professor Rodney's "internationalists" in Quebec who have been looking for some basis of agreement between East and West have, after a year's search, failed to bring up the slightest bit of evidence that it is possible to negotiate a peaceful settlement with Moscow on any terms except those of conceding all Russian demands. And if a "cease fire" is brought about in Korea, it will evidently be due to the success of American armed force and not to the ingenuity of any of those tireless devisers of verbal formulae (including our own Mr. Pearson) who have been buzzing about U.N. headquarters for the past year.

The inescapable fact is that it is the Americans who have shown up best during the past year. It was the American government which first recognized the nature of the Communist threat and which has pressed most consistently for the measures necessary to meet it. British Labor has, on the whole, done pretty well in carrying the British people into the re-armament program and in accepting the fact that this necessarily cuts into their welfare program. The slogan on which they won the last by-election—"Peace, then Plenty," hits the situation off exactly. But it is the American government of Truman-Acheson-Marshall which deserves most credit. They deliberately risked the MacArthur conflagration and now it is in process of burning itself out. The Americans deserve the tribute which was paid to them by the London *Economist* a few weeks ago:

"The state of the world is still appalling and the uttermost calamity may be just around the corner. But it is still true that the balance is strongly favourable. The world is, by several perceptible degrees, a safer place than it was in 1947. The fact that very few people think so shows only that they are less blind to the dangers than they were then, and that they have forgotten how shaky the structure then was. The largest share of the credit belongs to the Marshall Plan, which the Russians determined, and failed, to break. From these economic achievements the emphasis is now shifting to the political and the military . . . There is a long list since 1947 of risks taken and outfaced. The ideas, the money and the resolution have come from the Americans, and if the chances of avoiding war are greater today than they were in, say 1938, it is to the American Administration that the major credit belongs. There have been waverings and hesitations, there have been moments of near hysteria; but the testimony of the last few weeks has shown with what sober

caution the policy has in general been pursued. There have been traces of arrogance; but there has also been a conspicuous loyalty to America's allies and a firm adherence to the strategic policy of defending Europe entrusted to General Eisenhower. The critics, both in America and in Europe, have been given too much of the stage. It is time that the central mass of sober opinion throughout the world took the trouble to say out loud to Mr. Truman, to General Marshall and to Mr. Acheson what we believe they are thinking. For what has so far been achieved, we are truly thankful."

The Newspaper Guild

The Mr. Justice Gale decision to disallow certification of the Newspaper Guild as the bargaining agent for the Toronto *Globe & Mail* circulation employees has exploded into violent controversy. Union officials claim that the decision threatens the status of the Ontario Labor Relations Board and represents a usurpation of legislative powers by the judiciary. The *Globe & Mail*, which has steadfastly fought the Newspaper Guild's attempt to organize anywhere, expressed a smug delight at the situation and headlined a reference in the decision to the Magna Carta. It may be that union officials are overly fearful of the consequences of the decision to labor relations generally; but, certainly, when the *Globe & Mail* finds itself on the side of the Magna Carta, it behooves all honest men to keep a hand on their wallets and move back out of the crowd.

So long as cheap sensationalism sells Canadian newspapers and the control of those newspapers falls more and more into fewer hands, then it is the Newspaper Guild that offers the one hope there is of obtaining an adult and responsible press. The attempts of the Guild to induce a sense of professional status among its members should be encouraged not obstructed.

The Ming Sung Mystery

The Eric Ambler school of fiction and its tales of international intrigue has produced little so mysterious as the present unfolding in the House of Commons of the Canadian government's dealings with the Ming Sung Corporation. Five, or it may be seven, ships were built in Canada and delivered to the Chinese-controlled company to sail in Chinese waters under Canadian registry. The government has stated that the reason for Canadian registry was to protect its \$12,750,000 guarantee of bank loans provided for the ships' construction. The Canada Shipping Act requires the presence of British officers on ships of Canadian registry, but in May, 1950, a Cabinet directive authorized the exemption of the Ming Sung Corporation from this provision and the ships now are manned entirely by Chinese nationals. The government has refused to explain this action beyond asserting that it too was necessary to protect Canada's financial interest in the ships.

The Opposition startled the Commons debate last week by publicizing the assertion of the seamen's guild in Hong Kong that these ships are carrying war material to Communist China for use in Korea, in violation of the United Nations embargo to which Canada subscribes. The Prime Minister has admitted that a search of the cargo manifests at Hong Kong had revealed some items which Canada itself would not send to China, but which apparently had been cleared by the British authorities. The plot of the story gained impetus when Mr. George Drew, Leader of the Opposition,

picked out the name of one ship's master, P. Hanisch, and claimed that this sounded more Russian than Chinese.

If the government for whatever reason is unable to provide more satisfactory information relating to these ships, it would be well-advised to shift the issue as promptly as possible to a higher level. It might insist that trade barriers between nations are no aid to peace and Canada simply has been making a contribution of her own towards that end. This answer will not explain all of the curious story and lacks the artistry of Ambler, but it leaves its authors less vulnerable to attacks upon their competence and common-sense.

Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► A HAPPY PHRASE in a book review last month—"what the lucky Londoner has had an opportunity of seeing"—set me thinking. Perhaps a streak of classical superstition restrains us from counting our blessings until some disgruntled provincial, complaining at the paucity of a commodity in which we are rich, reminds us by the force of comparison how immense is our fortune.

This train of thought might have led no further if the week of summer had lasted to make a nine days wonder. The lure of lilacs in the sunny park where spring pantingly caught up with summer as June flamed awake, the flash of fountains and fireworks in the Festival Gardens at Battersea in the warm evening, would surely have proved irresistible. I should never have attempted to see a new French film and, failing to get in because the change to cooler weather had sent crowds flocking to the cinema, toured Mayfair to see some of London's free shows.

You don't expect much for nothing in the square mile between Bond Street and Park Lane. Shepherd Market is fascinating as a village street but no place for bargains. The shops selling antiques and the beautifully dressed girls dealing in the oldest trade in the world are about the most expensive in town. The width of an archway away, however, Curzon Street holds open to the enquiring visitor doors into unsuspected treasure houses.

The first of these is Worcester House at No. 30. In a capital decked out for the centenary of its own Great Exhibition, a unique display of old Worcester porcelain significantly commemorates a provincial bicentenary. The 855 exhibits, ranging from dainty bonbonnières to massive vases, from table knives with decorated handles to serving dishes proper to an opulent age, all bear the initial "W" or one of the other ciphers that stood for Wall—the great Dr. Wall who reigned over the Worcester Royal Porcelain manufactory from its foundation in 1751 until 1783. Many of the objects, it must be admitted, appear hideous to our present taste; but there are others, such as the tiny delicate cups from which the ladies of the period sipped "tay," that are as lovely now by all standards as when they were designed for a gay socialite of Gainsborough's time. Here are the originals of patterns that have lived to become familiar in ten thousand English homes and others that have survived only in the municipal museums of select health resorts. From the delicious realism of bright pink radishes glazed on a salad plate to the superb unity of the then novel smooth turquoise tea-service, the display witnesses to the talent, the inventiveness and the craftsmanship of an earlier England.

In addition to a free brochure on the identification of Worcester porcelain, Worcester House offered a card of invitation to the Exhibition of Early Wedgwood Pottery, a gesture from one manufacturer to a competitor that struck me as particularly English. My parish for the day was a small one, and I just walked up Curzon Street to No. 35.

A neat card in the front window invites the passerby to come in and inspect an Exhibition of Victorian Tinsel Pictures of Theatrical Personalities. My curiosity propelled me inside before I had really considered whether or not it was worth the time. I had only to set eyes on the fresh rosebud of a girl who came forward to welcome me, to know that it was. With sweet enthusiasm she explained that she had never heard of a tinsel picture until a month ago—and why indeed should she have known about this pastime of elderly persons left over from the Victorian era? Then she proceeded to pour forth the knowledge recently acquired, or rather to let it out in little gushes like a spring gurgling up in the bluebell wilderness at the end of an English garden.

It appears that pin-ups became popular more than 130 years ago. There were as yet no illustrated papers to bring the likenesses of notabilities into the homes of the middle class. The spread of leisure to a whole new class brought with it mass hobbies and a demand for mass-produced materials for them. A number of London publishers accordingly had engravings done of current idols and sold the prints at a penny each (colored at higher prices). Genteel young ladies began adding to their accomplishments that of water-coloring the plain prints and even roughing-in an imaginative background to achieve something more distinctive than the "tuppence colored" of the print-shops. It was an age of intricate ornament and vast ingenuity and soon the painting of the prints was supplemented by appliqué work in silk and colored tinsel, at first cut out with scissors from sheets of metal foil, later punched with dies and tooled elaborately to form gems, arms and armor. So rapidly did the craze develop that in 1836 one firm brought out a sample-book containing hundreds of these tinsel embellishments for sticking with a special gum to the black-and-white engravings, which when finished were framed and hung around the Victorian parlor much as the 115 examples shown in Curzon Street today.

Continuing past the elegant façade of Chesterfield House I headed north-east, skirting Berkeley Square, and along Bruton Street, where fashionable dress houses jostle art dealers' private galleries. It was amusing to note the discreet door-plate of the London Co-operative Society—dry goods purchasing department, I believe—on one prim town house just before entering Bond Street where it changes from Old to New.

Of course anyone can wander up Bond Street any day and see enough works of art in shop windows to fill a page of recollections. My quest was for the free *indoor* shows and I turned in at No. 148 where the Fine Art Society is showing Bertram Nicholls' series of paintings of London River.

This show is a festival of London in itself. A catalogue not only lists the thirty-four pictures and describes their subjects with a wealth of historical detail and current information but includes a diagram of the Thames indicating the nineteen bridges and other landmarks from Richmond to Greenwich. A tourist on his first visit here, once he had seen the paintings, would probably want to take the river trip and see the places for himself, and he would find this catalogue an adequate guide and a pleasant companion. It cost 2d. and that was the only money I spent during my afternoon sight-seeing. The pictures themselves are frankly representational yet pictorially they "come off," apart from the minor defect that the artist apparently only cares to paint one kind of tree. For this reason the urban scenes are the most satisfying (inanimate stone breathes life whilst living foliage lies in a coma) among a pleasing collection.

As though to restore equilibrium after this bout of contemporary representational art, the Adams Gallery at 92 New Bond Street offered a collection of twenty-six British and French paintings from Hogarth to John and from

Courbet to Rouault. The catalogue was a smaller affair, a mere folder, but contrived to give, besides the dates of the score of painters represented, the dates of many of the actual pictures, details of previous showings and present whereabouts, and exact references to standard works and published catalogues. It was supplied gratis.

My immediate preference was for a Bonnard nude with the flesh tints that have become inevitable since I bought a volume of Bonnard reproductions in Paris three weeks ago. But there was a still life of Cézanne's not to be overlooked, a beautiful river scene by Maximilien Luce and a Lepine that would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of that great expert, my friend Bénézit of Hyères. Three living Frenchmen of widely different schools are represented, while among the work of the English moderns there is a blue, blue vision of Dieppe by Sickert, full of that ethereal color that reflects from water for one intense minute between half-light and darkness. Of the earlier English contributions, a Cotman Norfolk coastal landscape stands out in the memory and a woodland scene of Crome's is a well of refreshment.

I turned east at the top of Bond Street into Oxford Street, where a company making apparatus for the deaf announced an exhibition of a century of progress in hearing-aids. This, I feared, would verge on the scientific, and I had quite enough of that under the Dome of Discovery. (The discovery I made was that the science I learned at school is still both easy and useful right up to electrons and carbohydrates but that anything subsequently revealed by research is mainly detrimental and quite incomprehensible.)

In any case, it was hardly Mayfair any more and if I went straight home I could cook dinner quickly and eat it to the strains of Mozart and Beethoven. Yes, we Londoners are lucky.

London, England, June 9, 1951

Behind the Mask

Samuel Roddan

*"Over all the world,
Men move unhoming and eternally
Concerned: a swarm of bees who have lost their queen."
"Venus Observed" by Christopher Fry.*

► MOST OF US have never been able to find a cross and perhaps that is good. But we have never ceased looking for one . . . in pamphlets and musty volumes and in the latest bestsellers; in poetry, public speeches and in elaborate blue-prints for the new society. And we have searched behind the masks of one another and often seen only anguish and the failure of nerve.

I think I am one of those numerous individuals who first experimented with a social philosophy and then much later came to think seriously of personal values. Or, to put it another way, I was much more concerned about the reality of a socialist state, literary criticism, modern art, and the condition of poetry than I ever was about the individual man. I am still involved in all of the former, but it is the latter which I am coming to realize is a much more central issue.

I do not hold any strong brief for confessionals, but occasionally it is salutary to try and unravel the pattern of our own thinking and follow back the threads wherever they may lead. Sometimes the strands break and we are lost, not knowing where an idea became woven into the design. Often we can trace back the fragile threads to our earliest youth.

In my own case it was from tagging along as a child with my father as he strode fiercely about his parish in the slums



of the East End of Vancouver that I first received those rude shocks which leave a permanent bruise on the mind. Pender and Gore and Powell in the early thirties was a skid-road one never read about in Sunday School papers and the humiliated men and women cowering in the leprous tenements along the waterfront filled me with a strange sense of shame, eased a little, perhaps, by the big hampers of food carefully packed by my father, which I stumbled with so painfully up narrow flights of stairs and along musty corridors. But as I grew older the sermons from my father's pulpit filled me with dismay—until the individual was born again there would always be misery and unhappiness, the great new day would only dawn with the arrival of the Christian millenium when enough of us had undergone a catastrophic change of heart.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

As the years went by, things seemed to be going from bad to worse. In my youthful way, I couldn't see many people embracing the Rule of God. Those who did, and clasped my hand and looked into my eyes as I stood waiting for my father after the Sunday morning service were poor helpless old ladies and I always felt discouraged that these dear people represented the only ones who were going to usher in the new world in the East End of Vancouver.

Most of my friends, especially in our early years at University, could argue for hours about religion. With one beer in front of us we became like soda syphons. Press the lever and we could spray ideas and inspiration in a bubbly froth of endless conversation. When the Oxford Group moved across Canada it swept many of us into its eclectic embrace, but on the campus the chief exponents seemed to be football players and the sorority crowd and although we were all titillated by the sharing, the range of sins (to employ an understatement) seemed excessively narrow. I always remember the captain of the soccer team relating to a hushed audience in the Hotel Vancouver how he was going to make restitution for the pencil box he had stolen from his friend in grade six. Some of the athletes told of their struggles with self-abuse but most of us soon lost our interest and turned back to politics and literature. We found other emotional outlets and after awhile became "tone deaf when it comes to God." As far as I can recall, we did not have much longing for "immortality in this flesh and in these bones."

In the middle thirties, the invasion of Manchuria and the Spanish Civil War were rallying points for our latent idealism. To hand out leaflets and walk in picket lines had the aura of a religious experience. And yet there was something arid and puritanical about our emotional lives. We read everything we could get our hands on: Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, E. E. Cummings and James Joyce, and pored over T. S. Eliot, Auden and Isherwood. We learned how to read fast and glean out ideas and be good conversationalists. We went to parties and discovered how to take a drink like gentlemen and talk to a woman without pawing at her. But our interests were basically academic and although we had soaked up all the pamphlets of Upton Sinclair and eagerly discussed the Regina Manifesto, we were in many respects incubator babies, carefully shielded not only from the taint of fellow travellers but from the harsh world at our doorstep. We were well fed on porridge and cream and orange juice, very green behind the ears and full of boy scout enthusiasm for a better world. We read the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and

The Canadian Forum. We went to Student Christian Movement camps. Most of us were, I think by tradition and upbringing rather emotional and idealistic socialists but by no means wracked with the despair and loneliness of the dispossessed European intellectual. Communism didn't really have the dynamic appeal so many imagined. Nearly all of us were Protestants and somehow we had that ingrained suspicion of spiritual domination which we sensed in the communist party. We had been born in the backwash of the first great surges of communism and our reading and thinking was already conditioned by the writings of men who had gone through the fire. As Arthur Schlesinger Jr. points out in *The Vital Centre*:

"Mention the Soviet Union and the images which spring to mind are not those of collective youth joyfully building the subways or doing mass calisthenics in the public square (images which in any case have been spoiled by Hitler), but those of the millions doomed to forced labor, of the intellectual Canossa of the scientists and historians, of mass starvation among the peasants, of the old Bolsheviks, babbling in the docks. It is not a question of disillusionment; we were too young to have that particular hope; we had no dream to lose."

Then came the war.

And after much vacillation and confusion and heart searching we enlisted and those of us who came back were either greatly changed, or, as was more often the case, about the same—older, a little wiser and a little saddened.

I think it was after the war that I began first to notice a shift in my own concern. Socialism still remained for me the ideal human organization, but somehow the kinds of personal experience which I felt to be most significant were getting bottled up. There was a hidden dichotomy that I couldn't quite put my finger on and it took me a long time to discover that while a social philosophy was something to struggle with and work for, in reality it was as lifeless as an old tie, if at the centre there was not a deep concern for the life of the individual. Issues which had floated idly on the periphery of my mind now seemed to come to the centre and for the first time I began asking myself questions which seemed more important than the foreign policy of the British Labor Party or the strategy of the CCF in Saskatchewan or the literary criticism of Edmund Wilson. And they were something like this:

What is the good life?
How do people really feel and live in their everyday life?
What are the important human needs?
How can I live lovingly, truthfully, openly?

Many people manage to work out a social and personal philosophy which is both compassionate and intelligent; and even though in theory it may seem to embrace the most subtle of public needs and in practice possess the rigidity of a mathematical formula, at least it has been an intellectual attempt to project some kind of order and harmony into society. But many of us have never been able to reach even this stage.

It is difficult to step out of a circle and into ampler arcs. But if we can, and if we insist on a cross, the most intelligent one, surely, is that life is intolerable unless constantly nurtured by the demands of the simple human questions; that knowledge and suffering are in reciprocal relationship yet inextricably bound together; that the only responses which can uphold our humanity are those rooted in compassion and courage.

The Unprejudiced Gene

Roy I. Wolfe

► ONE OF THE REMARKABLE attributes of our time is the success with which the slogan "He who is not with us is against us" has been turned into fact. A book on human genetics would seem, in this post-Hitlerian day, innocuous enough—yet it is not so. Merely by assuming that there can be such a subject as human genetics, the author of **Genetics and the Races of Man*, has automatically placed himself in one political camp, to be vilified by the partisans of the other. Simply by stating the facts as he knows them, and without even a side glance at the present state of biological science in Russia, William C. Boyd has provided the most telling refutation of Russian contentions and pretensions that has yet appeared. Thus, a book that was never intended to be a weapon against anything—unless we think of it as a weapon against racialism—has become, if properly used, one of the most powerful weapons that could be devised in the ideological warfare that disgraces the world today. And this is paradoxical indeed: for this book, itself attacking racialism, is much more effective in annihilating the position of the official anti-racialists—the Russian Communists.

The new Russian doctrine is much less blatant than racialism from many points of view, not least that of the victims of the extermination camps and of *apartheid*. Yet we cannot be sure that it will not, in time, become quite as deadly. For the Russians maintain that Western science fosters racialism, and that the tool used is genetics. Genetics, and particularly human genetics, is thus declared

anti-Marxian in spirit and content, and a counter-revolutionary weapon forged for Western imperialism by its lackey, the geneticist. We might be shocked at this contention, obviously false as it is, and yet have difficulty in giving a convincing demonstration of its falseness.

For, as Boyd shows, no one can so convincingly remove the spurious foundation from under racialism as can the geneticist. The racialist (depending on his sophistication) says: "My hair is blond, so I am better"; or "I can add two and two faster than you, so I am better"; or, "I eat with a spoon, so I am better." The criteria used for racial classification in the past have been faulty because people *did* pride themselves on certain characters they imagined their own "race" to possess and other "races" to lack. But Boyd, as a geneticist, bases his own classification on characters that are inherited by means of a simple genetic process (which intelligence, for example, is not) and, as he himself says, "there are no prejudices against genes." He specializes in human blood groups, and bases his own racial classification on these groups. No one has yet been known to pride himself on having blood belonging to Group A instead of Group O, so that the demonstration that people in one part of the world have more Group A than those in another is not likely to lead to rude attitudes on the part of either. The Russians, of course, object to going even that far, for to them the demonstration of differences of any kind between peoples is racialism. But this is merely obscurantism.

The reader of this book will get an invaluable insight into what genetics really is. It is true, as Lysenko's followers shout, that much of genetics is "fly-breeding." Yet this is not, as the Lysenkoists believe, shameful, for the breeders of *Drosophila* have learned a great deal about the mechanism of inheritance by their experiments and observation. Much as they have learned, they have gone further: they have

*GENETICS AND THE RACES OF MAN: William C. Boyd; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 453; \$7.25.



WOOD-ENGRAVING—LAURENCE HYDE

gained the beginning of wisdom, and know that they don't know very much—yet.

They have made mistakes, too, and some geneticists are conscious of their most serious mistake (one that Boyd does not touch upon, and is therefore worth mentioning): they have not done enough field-work, and one of the few telling points that the Lysenkoists have made is that the geneticists have been imprisoned in their own laboratories, instead of going out into the world and watching nature at work. Yet geneticists admit the importance of environment ("in a great many cases," says Boyd, "a particular environment is indispensable for the normal manifestation of the gene effect"), and they are paying more and more attention to the study of ecology, which deals with the relation between the organism and its environment.

The inquisitive reader will find in *Genetics and the Races of Man* answers to most of the questions in genetics that have been bothering him. If he has not been inquisitive enough (and that, alas, is the condition of the great majority of even informed people) he will learn that there are fundamental questions that he *should* have been bothered by, and the answers are important not only to him personally but to the future of his civilization.

There are certain omissions that are of importance, though I am not sure what their real effect on the proper balance of Boyd's work may be. To me, his discussion of the influence of geography on racial distribution is incomplete, because there is no hint of the work done on this subject by Griffith Taylor. Taylor's theories are exciting, and make the manner in which human beings have been dispersed over the earth's surface understandable, though whether they are true I can't say. A much more serious omission is that of the fingerprint as a criterion for racial classification. Boyd does not mention it anywhere in his book, and that is too bad for his comments would have been valuable. It is certainly genetically determined, though probably not with the beautiful simplicity of Boyd's blood groups; the mechanism is not yet known. People don't have any more prejudices about fingerprints than they do about blood groups. Differences between people in different parts of the world are easily demonstrated. If the fingerprint is not an ideal criterion for racial classification, it is pretty close to it, and certainly merits at least mention—though I myself would have preferred to have seen it given an extended discussion.

But these omissions are not important to the general reader. What is important is that he will learn there are not

"A final word should be said about the non-profit periodical, the little magazine which, published by a small and confident group of talented people, not infrequently has given encouragement to a few genuinely creative writers, to poets in particular. Its literary and other criticisms are severe but usually well-informed, written brilliantly and without restraint. These small and generally short-lived magazines, which attract few readers and in consequence no advertisers, play a most important part in the cultural life of our country: their precarious life, their premature extinction and their courageous reappearance are no doubt all essential to our slow growth as a cultivated community."

From the Report of the Royal Commission on the National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences.

and almost certainly there never have been, "pure" races of man on earth. And he will learn that genetical differences between races are not as great as those between individuals of the same race. (If this surprises him, so much the better. Boyd will convince him that it is so, and he will have learned something he never expected to.) Finally, and most important of all, he will come away with the knowledge that for the geneticist there is not, nor can there be, any such thing as "racial superiority." This may be news to Lysenko; I hope he welcomes it.

On the jacket of Boyd's book the publishers spread this proclamation: Documenting the Brotherhood of Man. The words are happily chosen. The book is a treasure.

Some Scottish Poets

W. W. E. Ross

► THE SCOTTISH RENAISSANCE doesn't seem popular in England. The stone of Scone uproar was one indication. Poetry gives another. For example, Kenneth Allott's *Contemporary Verse* (Penguin, 1950) fails even to mention the Scottish movement. It is, to be sure, called, in the long introduction, "an anthology of the poetic work of the twenties, thirties and forties in England"—with American poets excluded "for reasons of space and economy." Space is found, however, for those well-known Englishmen Dylan Thomas, W. B. Yeats, and James Joyce.

Allott's collection, incidentally, is ably chosen and commented upon, though from a particular point of view. It presents a very competent attempt to prolong or revive the ruling style, in poetry and criticism—though not the social attitude—of the thirties.

Kenneth Rexroth's *New British Poets* (New Directions, 1948), on the other hand, did include the Scots, mostly in dialect. This collection, with the exception of the Scots, was limited to poets born during or after 1908, perhaps for the purpose—to judge from a reading of the introduction—of excluding Auden, born in 1907. In this anthology the Scottish poets, to my mind, make, for the present, the freshest impression.

Hugh MacDiarmid's name at least is widely known. One of his short pieces is:

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The moonbeams kelter i the lift,
An Earth, the bare auld stane,
Glitters aneath the seas o space,
White as a mammoth's bane.
An, lifted owre the gowden wave,
Peers a dumfoun'ered Thocht,
Wi keethin sicht o a' there is,
An bodily sicht o nocht.

(*kelter*—undulate; *lift*—sky; *keethin sicht*—sight of the keethings or subsurface shimmer caused by a school of fish).

"In The Hedgeback," a love poem, begins:

It was a wild black nicht,
But i the hert o' we
Drove back the darkness wi a bleeze o licht
Ferrer than een could see.

A similar feeling of locale is expressed in a little piece, vigorous if imperfect, I came upon some years ago. Its author, A. H. Beveridge, can be surmised as Scottish.

GLENCOE

The river's glistening drums
Beat night through the moaning trees;

Moon in the black crag climbs;
Lamenting of crazy banshees
Blanch the mountains over Carnach.
Wild, wild with pain is Glencoe;
Her black teeth are foaming cloud,
As if some dream of woe
Through her dim body sighed
From the wilderness of Rannoch.

Of MacDiarmid's short lyrics, one English commentator (an exception) has written, referring especially to "O Wha's Been Here Afore Me, Lass" and another, "(they) present us with a music we English have lost, and which Scotland has hardly heard since Burns."

William Soutar is perhaps my own favorite. He shows influence of the old ballads. One piece by him, not in dialect, is:

THE PERMANENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN

No man outlives the grief of war
Though he outlive its wreck:
Upon the memory a scar
Through all his years will ache.
Hope will revive when horrors cease;
And dreaming dread be stilled;
But there shall dwell within his peace
A sadness unannulled.
Upon his world shall hang a sign
Which summer cannot hide:
The permanence of the young men
Who are not by his side.

In dialect, an example is:

THE STAR

Whan my faither's faither was a bairn
Wi nocht but bairnly care
Yon haw-tree fleurin on the cairn
Had weather'd a hundred year.
And the hill was green abune its rock,
And the burn cam burblin doun,
Lang, lang, afore the hamely folk
Biggit our borough-toun.
And yon wee licht frae its lanely place
Glinted as cauld and clear
Whan nicht rov'd through this how o'space
Afore a world was here.

A poem by Adam Drinan, on the general decline, begins:

Our pastures are bitten and bare
our wool is blown to the winds
our mouths are stopped and dumb
our outfields are weak and thin.
Nobody fishes the loch
nobody stalks the deer.
Let us go down to the sea.
The friendly sea likes to be visited.

The same theme occurs in Sidney Godsir Smith's "Largo" beginning:

Ae boat anerlie nou
Fishes frae this shore,

(*anerlie*—only)

Sorley MacLean has made translations from his own Gaelic. "Knights-Bridge of Libya" runs:

"Though I am today against the breast of battle, not here my burden and extremity; not Rommel's guns and tanks, but that my darling should be crooked and a liar."

It is interesting to note some resemblance in tone and style between MacLean's Gaelic pieces and Earle Birney's "Joe Harris, 1913-42."



—LAURENCE HYDE

The Scots words, like German words, are not from the Latin; that is, they tend to the concrete rather than to the abstract. So some of this poetry resembles German poetry. Much of it can be called "romantic" or "Celtic" or both; an objection which, T. S. Eliot and others notwithstanding, may not be of durable validity. Confronted with the brittleness and desiccation of, say, much contemporary American verse, I find this sort of poetry refreshing. None could be less like Pound, or Auden.

On the Air—THE MASSEY REPORT (1)

Allan Sangster

► "THE PRINCIPAL GRIEVANCE of the private broadcasters is based, it seems to us, on a false assumption: that broadcasting in Canada is an *industry*." So say the Commissioners in the preamble to one of their most important recommendations with respect to radio. "The only status of private broadcasters is as part of the national broadcasting system. They have no civil right to broadcast nor any property rights in broadcasting. They have been granted a *privilege* over their fellow citizens, and they now base their claim for equality on the abundant material rewards they have been able to reap from this *privilege* . . . the private stations have been licensed *only* because they can play a useful part within that (the national) system." (Italics mine.)

And in another place the Commissioners have this to say: "We were particularly impressed by the fact that few of the representatives of private stations who appeared before us recognized any public responsibility beyond the provision of acceptable entertainment and community services. The general attitude was that the government might, if it chose, subsidize 'cultural programmes' but that the private stations must be left free to pursue their business enterprise subject only to the limitations imposed by decency and good taste. Indeed, the improvement of national programmes was not urged by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters as a reason for the reorganization of the national system or for any concessions to commercial groups."

And finally, the Report says: "A third function of the local station was the encouragement and development of local talent, but that this function had in general been neglected."

Accordingly, for these and for many other reasons, the Commission's recommendation is this:

"That the grant of the privilege of radio broadcasting in Canada continue to be under the control of the national government; that the control of the national broadcasting system continue to be vested in a single body responsible to Parliament; that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation as now constituted be that authority and continue to provide, directly by its operations and indirectly by its control of the operations of others, a national broadcasting service free from partisan influence."

In this decision we have, as we have not had so spectacularly since the days of the Aird Report, a clear-cut victory for clear-thinking against muddleheadedness, for the great good of the many against the self-interest of the few, for right against wrong, and for enlightenment against ignorance.

As yet there has not been time for important results to be felt: the gentlemen of the CBC, by their own admission, are resting easier than they have for months; the eager beavers of the CAB are, by the evidence of their sneering public statements, snarling after a body blow and looking feverishly for loopholes. It is to be hoped that they find none—the Commission's recommendation that the CBC should withdraw from the local advertising field is really more than they deserve.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the government will accept both the letter and the spirit of this enlightened and enlightening report, and that it will take action at once on the recommendations aimed at freeing the CBC from its almost intolerable financial distress, so that the Corporation can get on with those improvements in its programming and those extensions in its services which it has long contemplated and which the Commission has mentioned.

On the CBC's side, it is to be hoped that the Corporation, heartened by the Commission's clear opinions and encouragement, backed up by the approval of government, will at once stop its shilly-shallying, will abandon its policy of appeasement of commercial interests which has been too much in evidence these last several years. One example, one which we have mentioned previously in these columns, is the practice of allowing commercial sponsors, even on its own stations, to exceed, sometimes by as much as one hundred percent, the regulation time for commercial announcements. Another example is taken account of by the Commission in this quotation from the report:

"Although the CBC has theoretical control over all advertising, this control is not effectively exercised. When an important national advertiser wanted the programme time of the Citizens' Forum, the CBC, we were told, moved that programme, against the expressed views of its listeners, to an hour inconvenient for most families. We have a report of a similar occurrence on the French Network. Sponsors may also demand special settings for their programmes; for example, they may object to any talk or programme of a serious nature for at least an hour before their programme is to begin. 'This is a shadow of the kind of deals which have so plagued and stereotyped American radio.'"

So say the Commissioners, in scholarly and measured tones. To their opinion I would add my own, in tones somewhat less muted. That for responsible officials of the CBC even to listen to such pressures and representations is a betrayal of the public trust imposed in them; to give in to these pressures, against their own best judgment of what constitutes good radio and good programming, and against the expressed wishes of their listeners, is positively and flagrantly venal.

In my opinion the time is more than ripe for the CBC to take a tougher and more realistic attitude, to stand definitely with the people whose trust it enjoys, and to insist on the best possible radio, no matter whose sacred profits suffer as a result. This with all deference to the minority report of Mr. Surveyer, who says: "It is not contemplated that the Control Board" (his own private device for throwing Canadian radio to the commercial wolves) "should exercise its powers over programmes in an autocratic manner, but rather that it should, by persuasion and discussion with representatives of the broadcasting stations raise the general standard." This idealistic suggestion, if it marks him as nothing worse, certainly sets Mr. Surveyer apart as the foremost dreamer among the Commissioners. It is difficult to imagine how anyone could have kept even half an ear to radio these past five years, much less have sat through the lengthy submissions of the private station operators and through the arguments of their collective representative, the CAB, without fully realizing that these gentlemen are not amenable to persuasion or discussion. The only persuasion effective with these gentlemen—and this the whole tone and all the conclusions of the majority report recognizes—is the persuasion of the big stick; the only argument which they can hear is the argument of money.

Radio in Canada would be better if the CBC were to show, in its dealings with the private operators, a little more of the autocratic attitude. Both parties might take especial notice of another observation of the Commissioners: "In another important respect the recommendations of the Aird Report have not been followed. Private commercial stations continue to operate and have increased in number and in power notwithstanding the authority granted to the Board of Governors to take them over in the National Interest." It would not be necessary to take over very many to bring them all into line, to make them take their responsibilities seriously, putting on at least a few good programs now and then, developing and encouraging local talent like anything. Perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to take over any. Perhaps if a few licenses were suspended now and then—almost certainly ample cause has been given by every private station, if the rules were strictly administered—the rest would fall into line with no perceptible delay.

Next month, some further observations on the Report of the Royal Commission.

A Couple of Quiet Young Guys

Hugh Garner

SHORT STORY

► THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLOW and a girl talking in one of the booths near the rear of the lunch room. As they whispered together their words were mumbled and their voices sounded hesitating and cracked. When it was late, or the place was ready to close, Slim had noticed that all the couples talked like that. All except the young punks who laughed too loud and said the silly things that he never could remember saying himself when he was a punk.

On a job like this you get to meet all kinds, he thought, but the worst kind of all are the loud-mouths. This part of the city was overrun by a gang of young hoodlums who made the lunch counter their hangout. They would come in—from where, he never found out—about three in the morning. And until five o'clock he would be kept busy frying hamburgers and brewing coffee, while the juke-box jumped with one raucous tune after another. He hated and despised them,

although they brought him more business than all the other after-midnight customers combined.

After the 1.30 street car rattled past the window the couple got up from the booth, and the man paid the check. He was a neat-looking young fellow with a crew cut, wearing a quiet gray worsted suit. He smiled at Slim when he picked up his change, and dropped a quarter back on the counter.

The girl was a pretty little thing who came in to the lunch room nearly every evening for supper. She said, "Good-night, Slim," and smiled as she opened the door to the street. He had never seen her smiling like that before. She looked as if she was really happy for the first time in her life.

When they left, the door slammed behind them, and he was alone once more.

He dried a few cups and placed them on the shelf beneath the Silex, humming a tune through his lips. When he was alone in the place his voice sounded good—not as good as Como's maybe, but good enough. He listened to it bouncing back at him from the white-tiled walls as he scooped up the vagrant knives and forks that lay on the bottom of the deep tin sink, letting his hands rest for a moment in the grease-topped lukewarm water.

Around two o'clock he was busy for a few minutes with some taxi-drivers who were coming off shift from the taxi garage down the street. Why was it that truck-drivers and hackies always ordered pie with their coffee, he asked himself as he served them. Everybody had their little eating habits, so that he could almost tell a person's occupation by their order. Everybody's that was but the members of the gang, who seemed to have no habits but bad ones, and definitely no occupations.

After the taxi-drivers had gone he cleaned the shelves of the pastry cupboard, taking out each shelf and washing it down with soapy water in the sink. When he heard the door open again he dried his hands on the checkered towel hanging behind the counter, without looking up. Then he turned the cold water faucet on the few tumblers at the bottom of the glassware sink. Somebody sat down on a counter stool near the front window.

"Hello!" he said in surprise, as he noticed that it was the young girl who had left only an hour before.

She didn't answer him at first, but kept her attention on the painted order boards above the rear mirror. When she turned to him she said, "Hy'a, Slim. Make it a special, I guess."

"On wholewheat?"

"Please."

"Is it going to rain?" he asked as he laid two strips of bacon on the grill.

"Might."

"It'll rain tomorrow. That's my night off."

"Yeh. It always seems to rain when you don't want it."

He cracked an egg and poured it on the grill beside the bacon. "Coffee?"

"Yeh. Easy on the cream."

"Right."

When he placed the cup of coffee on the counter before her he noticed that her hair was mussed and she was trembling. The palms of her hands were dirt-stained. She saw him staring at her hands.

"Can I wash them, Slim?"

"Sure thing. Turn to your left and down the stairs; the light switch is just inside the door."

She was gone a few minutes, and when she came back her hair was combed and her hands were clean, but she had

not removed the dried mud from her heels. She began to eat, not saying anything, her eyes fixed on the wall. Slim made fresh coffee for the gang who would be in at three, and cleaned off the grill. It was quiet outside, and the flashing neon sign spelled HAMBURGERS backwards on the window pane.

"Why do all men act like heels, Slim?" the girl asked.

He was always ready for a kidding. "I dunno, why?" He laughed like you laugh when you are not sure of the answer to a joke.

"I'm not kidding, Slim. Men always do the wrong things. Why don't they know that the right way is the smart way?"

He could see now that she meant it. The girls sometimes had crying jags early in the morning and asked questions like that, but she was sober. He wiped the grease from the grill with a sputtering slap of a dish cloth.

"When a girl likes a guy—really likes him—she doesn't want things that way. She wants it to be decent and clean, you know."

"Yeh," he said.

"Why can't guys see it that way?" she asked, and without waiting for his answer, went on, "See, this time was different. The other guys were just dates. If you watched yourself, nothing happened, and sometimes it was fun. But this time was different."

"Yeh."

"Men don't seem to understand these things like a woman does. I'm no lily, I'll admit that, but I got feelings just like anybody else. When a girl meets a guy that seems different from the others—you know, not better looking or anything, but different—well, she doesn't want it to be like all the rest."

"No," Slim said.

"He was a guy like that. You saw him tonight. He wasn't good looking, but kind of shy and young and clean."

"Yeh, I seen him," Slim said.

"He was sort of decent, even when he swore or acted tough. I wanted it to be different with him, understand? I didn't want anything cheap, see?"

"No," Slim answered as he wiped off the glasses.

She started crying then, not blubbering or making a noise, but just like women do in the movies. Her face grew sad, but didn't change its shape like a woman's face does when she blubbers.

Slim placed a glass with geometrical precision among its fellows on the shelf, then walked along the counter until he was opposite her.

"I figured your boy-friend for a nice quiet guy," he said.

"Yeh. He was quiet all right!"

"Never mind him, kid. There's plenty of others. You're good-looking, an' plenty a' guys would like to date you up. Just forget you ever knew 'im."

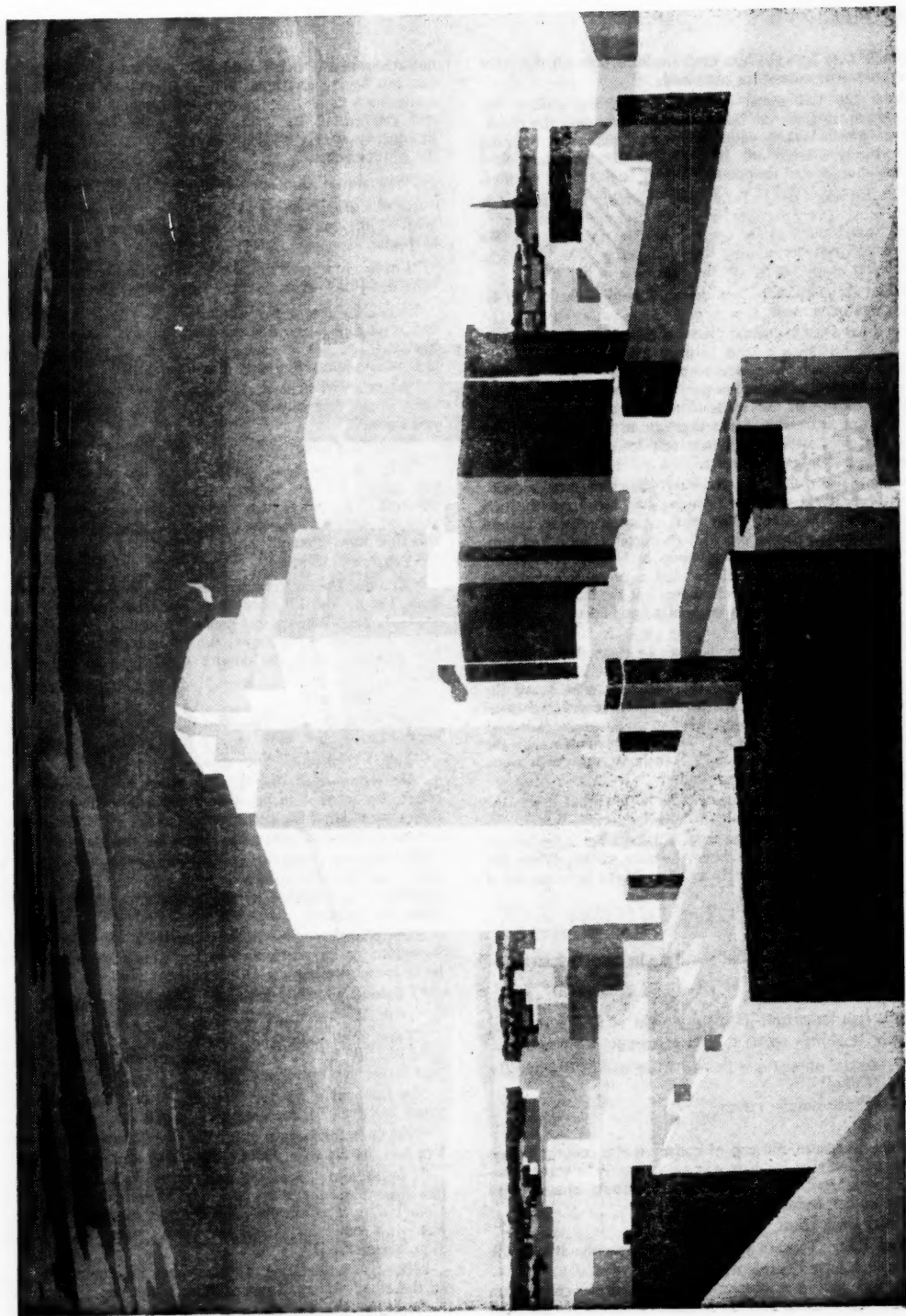
She fumbled a handkerchief out of her bag and wiped under her eyes. "I don't want to forget him."

"Maybe in the mornin' you'll see how different things look. I've had the air off a' dames, but in the mornin', so what!"

"I know, but this is the only time I've gone for a guy like this. This one won't wear off in the morning, 'cause I don't want it to wear off. If I got over it soon it would be just—just something cheap, see? I don't want it to be cheap, Slim, understand?"

"Huh-huh," Slim said, walking down the counter to turn off the Silex, "What happened?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Nothing. He just got smart, that's all."



"Plenty a' guys get smart. That don't mean he don't like you."

"I know, but he didn't need to. He didn't need to, see? That's what makes him a heel."

She wasn't crying now, but her eyes were staring into the wall behind the counter. When she had finished chewing the last of her sandwich she wiped her mouth with a napkin and folded it carefully around the lipstick stain. Then she placed the exact change for her check on the counter and turned towards the door.

"Good-night," Slim called after her. "See you soon, I guess."

"Sure, I'll be around. I'll be around a long time yet," she answered, turning her head away quickly and stepping into the street.

After she had gone Slim cleaned up the counter where she had eaten, and filled a pail with hot water to mop the floor. The watchman from the fur warehouse across the street came in with an empty milk bottle for his coffee.

"How's tricks, Slim?" he asked.

"Fine, Archie."

They talked about the weather, and Slim gave him Pink Minstrel in the fifth at Belmont Park. Archie circled the name with a pencil on his *Racing Form*.

After the old man had gone Slim mopped the floor behind the counter, careful not to let the water splash against the white-tiled wall.

It was half an hour before the door opened again. A young fellow dressed in slacks and an expensive sport jacket walked to the counter. His car was parked outside at the curb.

"Do you sell cigarettes here?" he asked.

Slim propped the mop in a corner and motioned with his eyes to the cigarette racks. "Sure," he answered.

"Gimme a packet of Parleys."

Slim reached up to the cigarette rack. When he turned again the young man had a gun on the counter, shielded from the street with a paper napkin.

"O.K., Buddy, clean out the damper," he said quietly.

Slim pressed the NO SALE key on the cash register and began emptying it of its contents, silver first.

"Gimme the bills, Buddy."

Slim pulled out the bills. Three tens, a few fives, a handful of ones.

"Silver too. Everything."

Slim handed him the bills, and the young man placed them in the side pocket of his jacket with his left hand. Then he held out a napkin for the silver. When all the money was scooped up from the till he screwed it up in the napkin and placed it with the bills in his pocket.

"Now gimme that pack of cigarettes," he said.

He put the gun back in his right-hand pocket, keeping his hand on the butt.

"Sorry, Buddy," he said to Slim. "Get into the kitchen and act smart. Don't throw any wing-dings or pull that phone till I'm gone."

Slim walked down behind the counter and into the kitchen at the rear. A guy had to be smart in that racket, he thought. Keep himself clean, and act businesslike. Not make a fuss or wave the rod around like an amateur Jesse James. Just

a quiet young guy holding up a hamburger joint, and the cops would have a time finding him among all the other quiet guys in the world.

Slim waited a minute or two after the front door had clicked shut and the young man had started his car. Then he walked to the front of the lunch room, took a nickel from his pocket, and lifted the telephone receiver from the hook. He dialed Operator, and when she asked, "What number please?" he answered, "Police."

The noise of the front door being opened startled him, and he swung around. A laughing, shouting mob of young men wearing strides and windbreakers poured into the lunch room, and began shouting for service. It was the gang. For the first time since he began working there he was glad of their noise and laughter. While they were in the place he felt safe and protected, somehow, and he was smiling with relief when the voice at the other end of the wire said, "Police Department . . . Hello!"



Ottawa, May 30. Shirley "Shay" Slinn, a clerk in Ottawa's city engineering department, today won \$29,900 in the Irish Hospital Sweep . . . He said he and his wife will use their prize money to buy a small house. (Toronto Star)

A Holiday with Pay—for You. You'll get paid to swim, play softball—live an army life with Canada's finest reserve armoured regiment—The Governor General's Horse Guards. (Advertisement, The Globe and Mail)

. . . in 1939 there were large reserves of idle manpower and productive capacity which acted as a cushion against inflation. Today, there is no such protection. (Monthly Review, The Bank of Nova Scotia)

Organ. Hammond, suitable for cocktail bar or church. (Classified advertisement, Toronto Star)

Miss Higgins in Korea Enjoyed Reporting War. (Heading, Book Page, The Globe and Mail)

Special recognition has come to Lorne Boardway of Stouffville, who was one of four vocalists from Stouffville School taking part in a choir of three hundred in a special performance at the Eaton Auditorium last week. Of fifteen tenor soloists who were auditioned Lorne was given top rating and received the part. The solo was entitled, "There's a Bomb in Gilead." (Stouffville Tribune)

Replying . . . to Manitoba criticism of Saskatchewan for calling itself "the keystone of the prairie provinces," D. H. F. Black, director of the Saskatchewan Industrial Development office, said: . . . "Some comment has been made . . . because on the map Saskatchewan is printed a pinkish color. This has no political significance whatever. The pink merely denotes the area in which oil will undoubtedly be found in the very near future."

(Regina Leader Post).

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Mr. C. Coburn, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

Henry Wise Wood

John A. Irving

►THE ECONOMY OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES is peculiarly vulnerable, and this extreme vulnerability has resulted in the rise of numerous protest movements in politics and economics. It is not accidental that such movements as the United Farmers of Alberta, the Progressive Party, the Wheat Pools, Social Credit, and the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation have all had their inspiration on the prairies. These uprisings have produced a number of leaders such as T. A. Crerar, William Aberhart, and J. S. Woodsworth, whose personalities and ideas have exerted a wide influence on social and political developments in Canada during the last thirty years.

There is considerable justification for the claim that Henry Wise Wood (1860-1941) was the greatest of these western leaders. Migrating to Canada from his native Missouri in 1905, he was president of the United Farmers of Alberta from 1916 to 1931, president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture from 1917 to 1923, and president of the Alberta Wheat Pool from 1923 to 1937. The personal ascendancy of this great agrarian crusader over the farmers of Alberta has remained unsurpassed—even by the more picturesque William Aberhart—to the present day. Owing to Wood's importance in the Canadian agrarian movement there can be no possible question that he deserves the careful and extended treatment that Dr. William Kirby Rolph has given him in a recent biographical study.*

In this biography Wood's career is interpreted vigorously and fully, if not always critically, in terms of his personal and agrarian background in Missouri and Alberta. Equally vigorous and full is the treatment of the currents of political and economic history in Western Canada between 1910 and 1935. The picture of prairie politics, especially, is finely shaded. The integrating theme is Wood's persistent application of his philosophy of social co-operation and group action to the resolution of the two major crises—the "agrarian revolt in politics" and the wheat marketing problem—with which the farm movement in western Canada was confronted during his long reign as "uncrowned king of Alberta."

At least four major influences contributed to the development of Wood's social philosophy. During his earlier life he was actively associated with the Campbellite Church or Disciples of Christ, whose Christian University (now Culver-Stockton College) in Missouri he attended for two years. From the teaching and organization of the Disciples he derived a strong belief in the social message of Christianity and an invaluable experience in the practice of democracy. His observation of the political aspects of the Alliance and Populist movements deeply affected his attitude to agrarian political action. An unfortunate financial experience with the Canadian Society of Equity made him unduly cautious of economic enterprises conducted by farmers. Finally, to these environmental influences was added deep and wide reading in the literature of economic and social reform.

Among the writers whom Wood read avidly were the novelist, Frank Norris, and such philosophers as Karl Marx, J. S. Mill, and Herbert Spencer. Marx's materialistic interpretation of history in terms of a perpetual class war he rejected as alien to the religious and democratic traditions in which he had been bred. But his study of Mill and Spencer

made him keenly aware, as Dr. Rolph notes, "of the difficulty of preserving democracy in a society dominated by the concept that progress was the result of a struggle for existence in which only the fittest survived. He had become interested in solving the problem of how to protect the individual against the forces of organized plutocracy growing out of the rise of a competitive, industrial society. For the democratic ideal to survive, 'humanity' must replace 'money' as the motivating force in human behaviour. From this generalization it was but a short step to his theory of group action as the only way by which these 'human' reforms could be gained."

As his thought developed, Wood became convinced that the problems created by the rise of industrialism in an individualistic and competitive society could be resolved only by the cooperation of organized economic groups. The commercial and financial classes had, in fact, already organized to advance their own interests, and, in so doing, had not hesitated to exploit the unorganized classes. The chief victims of commercial and capitalistic exploitation were the farmers. Only if the farmers were likewise organized as an economic group or class could they hope to bargain effectively for their rights and secure social justice. What was impossible of achievement for individuals could be realized through group co-operation and group action.

While envisaging contemporary society as an arena in which organized economic interests struggled for control, Wood believed that competition must ultimately give place to social harmony. His philosophy of co-operation was derived, as Dr. Rolph's analysis makes clear, from his theory of progress: "To him all change was the result of the operation of two social laws—the false law of competition and the true law of co-operation. The law of competition was the method by which the animal selfishness of man had been overcome through the development of competitive organizations which had enabled the strong to destroy the weak and to establish themselves on an autocratic basis. The Anglo-Saxon nations had succeeded in destroying one form of autocracy, only to pave the way for another because of their emphasis on personal liberty. This had enabled the autocratic few to seize control of the government and exploit the other citizens in the name of personal freedom. . . . The only hope for future progress lay through the development of new organizations which would work for the solution to social and economic problems by the true law of co-operation, however long that might require."

The application of Wood's philosophy to politics and economics had far-reaching results in Alberta and the larger West. His theory of group action determined the underlying principles of agrarian political participation in Alberta. Under his guidance the United Farmers of Alberta entered politics in 1919 not as a political party but as an organized class. Wood's victory at the stormy U.F.A. convention of 1920 was the real turning point of the farmers' political revolt in western Canada. "He had created," Dr. Rolph writes, "the class organization which was to dominate federal and provincial affairs in the province until 1935." Through all their controversies with the Progressive Party, the U.F.A. federal M.P.'s were enabled by their acceptance of Wood's leadership and ideas to preserve their movement from political disintegration as well as from fusion with the Liberals.

In the economic sphere Wood was concerned primarily with the application of his theories to the solution of the wheat marketing problem which became acute after the abolition of the Canadian Wheat Board in 1920. Throughout the complicated and prolonged negotiations which led

*HENRY WISE WOOD OF ALBERTA: William Kirby Rolph; University of Toronto Press-Saunders; pp. 235; \$4.50.

to the establishment in 1923 of the Alberta Wheat Pool, his philosophy of social co-operation and agrarian group action was the determining factor in the developing situation. Their Wheat Pool is Wood's enduring legacy to the organized farmers of Alberta.

The most controversial aspect of Wood's philosophy is his concept of group government. This idea had been suggested earlier in Walter Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* and in Otto von Guericke's work on medieval constitutionalism. Wood's own version, which was forged independently on the Alberta scene, had been completed, in the main, when Mary P. Follett, an American political philosopher, published *The New State* late in 1918. Her political pluralism strengthened his belief in the essential soundness of his own doctrines.

The experience of the United Farmers of Alberta in politics proved that group government required for its continued success a price that Canadians were as yet unwilling to pay. It is not without significance that the year following Wood's retirement as influential leader and spokesman of the organized farmers saw the birth of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in Calgary. The two events were not unrelated: in its inception the CCF was an attempt, as Professor W. L. Morton has noted, "to apply Wood's doctrine to a combination of groups," although the spirit was somewhat different. Even when the UFA went down to political death before the Social Credit whirlwind of 1935, it was evident that Henry Wise Wood, by destroying the traditional party system, had transformed the conditions of politics in Alberta. In different ways both the CCF and Social Credit movements are Wood's residuary legatees in Canadian politics, although he, himself, would not recognize either of them as his offspring.

Wood's contribution to the Canadian agrarian movement, as Dr. Rolph summarizes it, was twofold: "As a philosopher,

his theory of co-operation based on group solidarity made the farmers' organization in Alberta the most democratic and the most effective body in Canada. As a leader of the rural population, Wood was able to exercise an influence over the course of events which had important consequences for Alberta and for the country as a whole. He developed a spirit of unity among the farmers which has enabled them to control provincial affairs in the province ever since. He left the imprint of his personality on both the political and economic aspects of the farmers' movement throughout western Canada and he gave to the agrarian revolt a moral and spiritual character which it otherwise would have lacked."

Neither Canada nor the world has solved the problem which Henry Wise Wood visualized so clearly. On the tenth anniversary of his death it is fitting that his countrymen should honor his memory by a reconsideration of his philosophy.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► OF ALL SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, *Macbeth* is probably the one with the most cinematic possibilities. Because so much of it depends on physical action, and because even its longest soliloquies are directly concerned with movement either contemplated or accomplished, it transfers to the screen easily and naturally. Moreover, it can be performed satisfactorily by actors of ordinary competence; as distinct from *Lear* or *Hamlet*, for instance, both of which demand really extraordinary talent.

Orson Welles, whose current production of *Macbeth* is now going the rounds of the smaller theatres across the country, is certainly no ordinary actor; and while he is not



WOOD-ENGRAVING—LAURENCE HYDE

talented enough for *Lear* or *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, with its wild Heathcliffian rides across the open moors, and its sharp but not too subtle diagram of the anatomy of fear suits his peculiar and particular set of sensibilities and temperament right down to the ground. As you might expect, his production is rich, strange, and individual, owing a good deal to the Russians—mainly Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* and *Alexander Nevsky*; but although you may be startled by some aspects of his interpretation, you will certainly not be offended by it. Welles does some peculiar things with the play, changing and cutting it to suit his purpose; but he never reduces its stature. There have been, for instance, some complaints about the quality of Welles's photography in *Macbeth*. It certainly is very mannered, and there is the usual Wellesian tendency always to present everything from odd angles; it is also sometimes remarkably dark; but never by accident; hell is murky, as Lady Macbeth reported, and that particular speech seems to have been taken as the keynote for the whole production. The emphasis on evil and tragedy has led Welles to leave out most of the comic relief, and to play the humorous scenes that are left in not for laughs but for a somewhat overloaded irony. The result, as you might expect, is not to deepen the tragic effect at all, but to weaken it, out of a simple lack of contrast. Jeanette Nolan, as Lady Macbeth, is not quite satisfactory either; she seems powerful enough, but her power is the power of a lady contortionist, not of a strong and evil personality. But in spite of these minor inadequacies, *Macbeth* sweeps along with great style and vigor, and it is quite clear that both Welles and his entire company had great fun making it. That alone, surely, is one considerable reason for seeing it; and the exuberance and almost childlike gusto with which Welles throws himself into the leading role should go a long way in helping the younger fry, who plod drearily through the play year after year in our high schools, understand why Shakespeare is still so highly thought of as a dramatist.

One of the most remarkable tour de forces to come out of Hollywood this year so far is *Fourteen Hours*; it is good from practically every angle—story, acting, camera work, and direction. The plot is simple; for fourteen hours a would-be suicide stands on the outer window-ledge of a New York hotel, trying to make up his mind whether or not to jump. In spite of the camera's narrow range, from ledge to street-crowd to hotel room and back to ledge again, the cutting from one scene to another is so well engineered that it never for one moment seems cramped or monotonous. Paul Douglas as the policeman who uses every ruse except dishonesty in his attempt to coax the boy inside, and Agnes Moorehead as the boy's mother, playing out her own neurotic melodrama at his expense are particularly good in supporting roles. But the highest acting honors go to Richard Basehart, as the confused and self-dramatising centre of all the activity. It would be so fatally easy for the audience to lose patience with him, and say, as the New York hack drivers in the crowd do say: "Well, O.K.—so he wants to jump—so let him jump! What do we care?" But our patience never does give out; and Basehart's ability as an actor is almost entirely responsible for that fact; his ability, that is, plus the casual rightness of practically every move made by everybody else in the cast. *Fourteen Hours* is an expert job of movie-making, and can be recommended without reservation.

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► AN HOUR AND A HALF concert consisting of seven works by a single contemporary composer is liable to exhaust the receptive powers even of the experienced music-listener, and its demands are doubled when that composer has a highly sophisticated technique. For that reason I began to listen with interest, but also with some misgiving, to the recent broadcast concert of works by the Canadian composer, John Weinzwieg, particularly as I had only heard a couple of them before. It consisted of a *Violin Sonata* (played by Murray Adaskin and George Brough), a *Cello Sonata* (Isaac Mamott and Leo Barkin), *Three Songs: "Of Time and the World"* (Frances James and George Brough), a *Piano Sonata* (Reginald Godden), *Divertimento No. 2 for Oboe and String Orchestra* (Perry Bauman and orchestra under Ettore Mazzoleni), *Interlude in an Artist's Life for String Orchestra*, and *Divertimento No. 1 for Flute and String Orchestra* (Gordon Day). Long before this program was over my misgiving had entirely disappeared under the impact of Mr. Weinzwieg's exhilarating talent, and I had heard what seems to me the best composition by a Canadian that I have encountered: the *Piano Sonata*, superbly played by Reginald Godden.

Mr. Weinzwieg's professed adherence to the twelve-tone technique of Arnold Schonberg (although this is, after all, little more than a recurrent series of intervals which determines the melodic and harmonic character of a work or part of a work) might lead one to expect something inflexible or narrow, but his use of the technique seems very free to me, although further hearings may reveal it as stricter than I imagine at the moment. At any rate, no technique seems likely to cramp the variety of Mr. Weinzwieg's melodic inventiveness and the continuity of his paragraphs. A man who can write melodies as exciting as those in the two *Divertimentos* and keep them going without petering out, is in no danger of being enslaved to a system. Nor is his inventiveness restricted to a limited range of moods: the mournful, rhapsodic *Cello Sonata* and the firmly moulded and logical *Piano Sonata* are even farther from each other than from the *Divertimentos*.

Perhaps the second virtue which I mentioned above should be emphasized: the continuity of his paragraphs and the natural and inevitable sequence of his ideas. Mr. Weinzwieg's ideas are not momentary flashes of inspiration joined together by yards of padding. Nor does he repeat a few fragmentary wisps of melody in different harmonies on different instruments and imagine he has achieved a coherent structure by such "development." On the contrary, his melodies tend to continue rather than develop, statement leads to statement, one idea completes another. Perhaps I am unduly aware at this point of Schonberg's own desire to reinstate the importance of exposition after the ravages of the nineteenth century emphasis on development (or evolution), but, whatever the cause, I see Mr. Weinzwieg's works more in terms of precise statement than of development or process, although the latter is of course there, kept in control.

The works included cover the period 1941 to 1950, and it is perhaps a good omen that the earliest work (the *Violin Sonata*), although not uninteresting, should be the weakest, and the latest work (the *Piano Sonata*), with its combination of lucidity and power, should be the most impressive. Before Mr. Weinzwieg is finished, he is likely to give us a body of work of lasting importance in Canadian music. In the meantime, the more his work is performed the better.

Prairie

I have seen prairie eyes
Like craters smooth, far-flattening,
Becoming sometimes mirrors to reflect
The awful openness of the brown face,
The brown face of the mother now,
Saying
"You resemble me, not by heredity,
But through long association."
And I have seen too
The girl-greenness of prairie cities,
Knowing still as a child
Before and after the daughter of Tarshish,
That there will always be strength.
You will tell me:
"I have traveled by train on the saucer-shape,
And watched the brown fields till
Around the corner came a Saskatchewan town."
(Did not Columbus have friends who feared
That he would drive off the edge?)
In the evening the grass is greener
And hollows that you would never imagine
Send deep-rooted whispers
As from woman or girl.
Suggesting new deepness—
Nor compelling now
Nor dragging to loneliness
The eyes from home.

William S. Annett.

The Haymakers

These men are shadows in the noonday heat that sucks
Vitality and leaves them skeleton
Inside an open field, an economic trap,
And isolated by the giant sun.

They acquire relationship with horsedrawn carts,
And lunge dejectedly at wisps of hay—
Like tired duellists in some forgotten fight,
Discouraged actors in a meaningless play.

Their profanity is not of words or curses, it stems
From the laboring heart, the bursting lungs;
It has no aim or direction and it finds no vent
Along the watercourse of dried up tongues.

But suddenly the load is full, and yet they wait
As if a secret word must still be said
Before the mind can overtake the empty hands,
And cross the darkened light years on ahead.

The wagon rumbles off across the stripped hot fields,
And leaves a scattered trail of golden yarn;
The driver cracks a whip and day goes galloping,
A long drawn shouting rabble to the barn.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Sunny Saturday Morning

The shadows of the mountains move in the lake,
The white ripples tumble on the shore and break,
The white cloud-balls in the sky stand still,
While around them in blue air the sun rays spill,
On the bank, the huge tree, the haughty fir,
Sweetens the earth as its needles stir,
In the grass a quail calls, "Know me? Know me?"
How plentiful the morning! how peaceful to see!

Carol Ely Harper.

Correspondence

The Editor: When you invited me to state the case against price control, you said that Dr. E. A. Forsey would state the case for it, so I have waited with bated breath to see how anyone could do this. I am disappointed. Dr. Forsey makes no case for price control, but merely, in his usual playful way, tries to pick holes in my argument against price control.

The trouble with Dr. Forsey is that, when he has made up his mind to disagree with some point of view without considering it, he does just that. For example, he charges me with saying that the present Socialist Government of Britain clearly intended to adopt the plan of price control, but has completely abandoned it. With a little more careful reading, he would have realized that I was pointing out that the present Socialist Government of Britain at one time clearly intended to adopt the plan of price control, but of course, price control would be part of that system. As I pointed out, the British Government has long ago given up any totalitarian ambitions, although it sticks to price control, because it could scarcely do anything else now. With all the repentance in the world for its past errors, the present British Government is in no position to get itself and the nation out of the mess which it has created.

My comment to the effect that the C.C.F. is a Canadian branch of the British Socialist Party was no slip. It was a deliberate piece of propaganda. I was trailing my coat for Dr. Forsey. It must be obvious to anyone with even the sketchiest knowledge of current events that the C.C.F. is essentially nothing but a Canadian branch of the British Socialist Party. I am sorry if this irritates Dr. Forsey, but facts are facts. The C.C.F. has many times used language which suggested faith in the totalitarian system, as Dr. Forsey well knows.

The British Labour Party, in *This Cost of Living Business*, did point out that price control without wage control was impossible. Naturally, the statement is made with great caution, but still boldly enough to command the admiration of all fair-minded observers. It is made in the statements that earnings have gone up by 130 per cent since 1938, while the cost of living rose 80 per cent; that the cost of living responds to the amount of money in circulation; that wages are 60 per cent of the cost of goods. Indeed, on pages 14 and 15, the pamphlet says specifically that the policy of the Labour Government has been a combination of stopping increases in wages, salaries and profits, and taxing away the surplus money.

Dr. Forsey says that I am mistaken when I think that advocates of price control believe that slapping on a price ceiling is all that is needed to stop inflation. No one could ever convince me that Dr. Forsey really believes this himself, but it is as certain as anything can be that 99.9 per cent of the people who are demanding price control think exactly this, and that they would not like Dr. Forsey's modification of this theory at all.

There is also Dr. Forsey's suggestion that Family Allowances and Old Age Pensions are not inflationary, because they are covered by taxation. Surely it has been demonstrated by now that what causes inflation is Government spending for uneconomic purposes, and that taxation cannot cure this. I am quite certain that Dr. Forsey understands that inflation is possible with a balanced budget, since it has been occurring in such circumstances. It is how much money the Government spends, and in what directions, which decides the amount of inflation. How the Government raises the money for this spending is a matter of secondary importance.

Dr. Forsey says that higher prices would choke off inflation inequitably, but that higher taxes would choke it off equitably. I could go a little way with Dr. Forsey in this, if he would agree to the sort of taxes which might actually help to choke off inflation—such as general direct sales taxes, paid by consumers—but I am afraid that he would think that those were most inequitable. Obviously, taxation on the present basis does not choke off inflation. That experiment has been tried, and it is because it has failed that Dr. Forsey and myself are now having this little argument about what to do next.

However, Dr. Forsey really reaches some sort of a peak in his suggestion that wages could be increased, with prices stabilized, because profits could be transferred into wages. On that point, I must again quote *This Cost of Living Business*, which points out so clearly that profits have an important economic function, in addition to the one which so many demagogues trot out, of providing a few people with an opportunity to roll in wealth. However much profits may be used wastefully by those who receive them, the fact remains, as the British Labour Party so clearly recognizes, that profits are the essential method by which an economy increases the supply of capital goods to be applied to production. Profits are transferred into wages. That has been known for some centuries. They are transferred into wages by being used to provide people with more jobs at higher pay. In addition, as *This Cost of Living Business* again points out, profits are so small a part of the total cost of goods that their complete elimination would have little effect on prices.

In conclusion let me draw attention to the extraordinary suggestion made by Dr. Forsey, that it is impossible for me to have been right in saying that price control produced a shortage of goods, and forced people to accept it. Surely Dr. Forsey is not completely indifferent to the whole theory of causation, which involves relationships in time.

If, in a misguided moment, I were to strike Dr. Forsey sharply on the head with a blunt instrument, I should almost certainly produce a bump on his head, or a depressed fracture, and I should force him to accept this unfortunate result. I hasten to say that I have no desire to do anything so rude. I raise the hypothetical issue because it will demonstrate to Dr. Forsey that it is quite possible for one act both to produce a result, and to cause the result to be accepted.

P. C. Armstrong, Montreal, P.Q.

The Editor: My *Forum* subscription will be coming to an end almost any month now, and therefore the problem of renewal is once more before me as I read through the last few issues of your journal. I am as aware as you that five dollar bills do not grow on trees. I do not feel that five dollars is too much to pay for a critical journal which is thoughtfully and well written. Too often however, your journal is deficient for reasons which you cannot help. This week I received the June issue of the *Forum* and among other things I find: an excellent comment on the "Great Debate—Phase II;" the resignation of Bevan, Wilson, et al; a cartoon on the Bookie's telephone situation; a letter from London dated May 8.

Sir, I submit that as a journal of political and social criticism you are deficient not through biased selectivity, but rather because the hands of the clock are against you. What I would like to have read this week would be Mr. Underhill or Mr. Frye on the Massey Report, which was tabled on Friday (the day your magazine was put in the mail). I want to know *this* week what your reaction to the Morrison peace feelers is. Instead, I am treated to an excellent, though cold, dish of last month's Blue Plate Special.

The opinions which we receive from the dailies require a strong antidote from a partisan of the thinking press rather than the usual dribblings regurgitated from the opposition pulp mills. This antidote is often forthcoming in your columns but too often the patient is in an apathetic coma before the medicine reaches him. The *Nation*, *The Economist*, *The New Statesman*, etc., find it difficult to keep up with current issues even by publishing weekly. It seems to me that a critical journal that is published monthly must either forego current news and stick to abstract criticism of long-term social issues or be content with publishing comments on current news which is neither current nor news, when it reaches the public. By adopting the latter attitude I think you fail your subscribers and disappoint prospective readers who are looking for enlightenment on current issues.

I feel that you have succeeded best, when you have adopted the former attitude. Underhill's articles on Mr. King, the tiny voices in the wilderness of Mosdell, Fowke, Wilson and Sangster, the unsigned editorials on Morals and Manners, the searching criticisms of CCF policy (or lack of same)—all are sufficient evidence of mature and liberal reflection. But the *Forum* does not serve because it attempts to be a sort of *Edinburgh Review* and *Beaverly Hills Daily Echo* rolled in one. I doubt if I should wish to renew my subscription to such a laudable, but impracticable coagulation.

I ask the question (only too aware of the answer) "Why not a weekly *Forum*, or as a grudging second choice, a bi-monthly?" The costs would be doubled, I know, but surely the income could be derived not only from increased subscription rates, but also from larger casual newsstand sales which I'm sure would follow. You have probably wrestled with this problem before, but would not an appeal to your readers for support of such a development be in order?

Norman Sheffe, Merriton, Ont.

The Editor: I wish to protest against an editorial in the June, 1951, number of *The Canadian Forum*, entitled "I Saw MacArthur." Although holding no brief for MacArthur, the implications of the editorial as regards the United States as a whole are both offensive and untrue and the tone is unworthy of a journal of opinion of the standing of *The Canadian Forum*. It would much better belong in the columns of the *Canadian Tribune* or on the editorial pages of some of the more extreme French Canadian nationalist sheets such as *L'Action Catholique*. Such utterances point up a tendency which I have noticed both in the pages of *The Canadian Forum* and in the public utterances of certain members of the CCF (particularly those from the Western provinces such as British Columbia) toward an extreme and unthinking anti-Americanism. From such statements one would gather that the United States is in the grip of a fascist big business dictatorship and that all freedom of opinion and progressive political action have long ago disappeared. To any one who is familiar with the real situation in the United States, such statements are preposterous and fantastic. They are obviously based upon listening to the more hysterical radio commentators and upon such organs of opinion as the *New York Daily News* and the Hearst and Scripps Howard papers. Such anti-Americanism is bound to hurt the CCF in the long run because it plays right into the hands of the Labor Progressive Party.

W. E. Greening, Montreal, P.Q.

The Editor: Needless to say that Dr. Forsey's "case" for price control was much more in keeping with the facts. However, the mere idea that you would open your columns to a person of Mr. Armstrong's convictions speaks well for the *Forum*.

Incidentally, I'll take this opportunity of expressing my praise for the fine articles contained in this [June] issue, and for the attractive format. "Impressions of Spain" was excellent. If only Mr. Pearson and the other policy-makers would take note. Allan Sangster is nearly always provoking and I, for one, hope he remains so. Stella Harrison is another favorite. The etchings are always interesting. All in all the magazine is first rate. J. A. Young, Salmon Arm, B.C.

The Editor: We intend to compile and publish an anthology of *Modern Canadian Writing*. The book is to consist of short stories and poems and is to be published in London and distributed both in England and Canada. We hope thereby to fill a long felt need by introducing some of the best Canadian writers to a British as well as a Canadian public. Depending on the success of the first book, the anthology may become an annual event.

We have sent out a notice of the proposed anthology to several Canadian writers known to us, but ask for the hospitality of your columns to bring the anthology to the notice of any writers who may wish to contribute.

Manuscripts (previously published material will be considered, although new work is preferred) should be sent to our London office, and should reach us before September 1, 1951.

The Editors, The Totem Press Limited, 161 Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

Books Reviewed

THE FOUR BRONTES: Lawrence and E. M. Hanson; Oxford; pp. 414; \$5.00.

The publication of *The Four Brontes* by Lawrence and E. M. Hanson raises the problem of what is popularly termed "audience appeal." For the Bronte public, a relatively limited one in the first place, tends to divide itself into two main groups: those who are concerned with the novels and the poems from the point of view of literary criticism, and those who are concerned with the family itself as one of the most satisfying feasts for the biographical appetite that looks for Wild Decembers and Fire Over Yorkshire. *The Four Brontes*, while to some extent combining an appeal to the two groups, will probably content neither completely. The scholar will prefer the primary sources: the works themselves, the letters, and such of the early Angrian and Gondal materials as the excellent studies of F. E. Ratchford have made available. In addition he may be critical of several small factual errors (which may have been corrected in subsequent editions), the fluctuating style, and some of the evaluations and pronouncements on the major novels, preferring still those of (Lord) David Cecil. Objection may be taken to a statement such as the following that accounts for Charlotte's choice of the Duke of Wellington as her particular model in the Angrian tales: "A hero who provided at once an antidote to her feeling of inferiority at being plain and small, a protector in place of her mother and elder sisters, and a prototype of almost all the chief male characters in her writings." On the other hand, those very things that direct the book at a scholarly public, 82 pages of complete bibliography, careful notes, and a meticulous index, for 332 pages of text, will lessen its appeal for that other part of the Bronte public, who may find twenty references in the first two pages somewhat disconcerting.

Perhaps, however, it is fairer to the Hansons to look at their book in the light of their own intentions, as stated by Lawrence in the Preface: "I have tried to indicate with

greater precision than hitherto the inter-play of character and action between the four Brontes, since the influence of one upon another was always profound and often decisive." Thus, profiting from the work done on the Bronte materials in recent years, the Hansons have traced the continuous pattern of the lives of the four, Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne, and at the same time have attempted to establish a balance between them. The result is a dual one. For in establishing the former, they transfer, in their study of the sources of the novels, the emphasis from the biography to the Angrian and Gondal materials, even to a great extent in the case of *Shirley* and *Villette*. Surely a more judicious combination of the two should be possible. The second result is curious. While Charlotte and Emily naturally overshadow the others, it is surprising to observe how clearly Branwell and Anne stand forth, and how slack the interest becomes in the later chapters when Charlotte alone remains.

Branwell receives much more sympathetic treatment from the Hansons than he did from Mrs. Ratchford. In fact Charlotte is blamed for her lack of sympathy; for "she alone might have saved Branwell, if he could have been saved." His influence on all three is emphasized; he forced Charlotte, by his behavior, to make money and a name with her pen, as well as providing her with an example of the kind of work she should attempt, the novel as "the most saleable article"; he provided Anne with a motive for "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and, the Hansons feel, in his relationship to Mrs. Robinson, provided Emily with that between Heathcliff and Catherine, or at least was "a releasing medium." As a result, it is Branwell who acts as a centre for much of the work.

R. M. K. Schieder.

THE SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN: Collins (Duell, Sloan and Pearce); pp. 416; \$6.50.

ENGLISH STORIES FROM NEW WRITING: edited by John Lehmann; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann); pp. 351; \$2.50.

These two volumes of short stories are recommended without reservation to every reader, whether he merely wants good reading which can be absorbed in five to ten minutes snatches, or whether, as a student of the short story, he would add to his library fifty-three excellent specimens of this difficult form.

To touch first on the familiar, the Aiken volume contains not only the much anthologized (and radio adapted) "Mr. Arcularis," but also the even more excellent "Silent Snow, Secret Snow." In addition, it has twenty-seven other stories—all from Mr. Aiken's best.

The English book has short pieces by George Orwell, Tom Hopkinson, Rosamond Lehmann, Henry Green, Graham Greene, Christopher Isherwood, and Elizabeth Bowen, as well as seventeen stories by other writers who are perhaps not so well known but whose work is remarkably high in quality. The stories range through every mood, situation, and type except—and this is a noteworthy exception—the slick, slight, meretricious story so beloved of American and Canadian magazine editors. They are sound, meaty, well worth reading, and, as the publisher says—truthfully, for once—"this is a volume to confound the mourners who maintain that the English short story is in decline and that English letters have fallen below their ancient dignity."

Of the Aiken collection one says enough, perhaps, in saying that it is, characteristically and inescapably, Conrad Aiken's kind of writing—skillful, strange, almost humourless, and not, for the sensitive (and who else would bother reading him?) to be swallowed in doses too large. One may take

either of these positions: that Aiken's view of humanity is too clear, too revealing for common minds to find comfortable; or—that his vision of us all, while presented with almost miraculous skill, is ridiculously distorted, that, whether with intent or not, he sees always "through a glass darkly." It doesn't matter which position we take—these stories still produce, in our feeling for mankind (ourselves) unease, pity, and deep dissatisfaction.

One may not wish to read too many of these stories at a sitting, but having read even one one cannot escape the conviction that he has seen something different, strange, and probably true. The ability to produce this reaction in the reader, and to produce it consistently, is surely one of the characteristics of the great mind and the great creative writer.

Allan Sangster.

THE PRIMEVAL ATOM: Georges Lemaitre; Van Nostrand; pp. ix, 186; \$4.00.

One of the oldest documents men possess is the second chapter of Genesis. It records an early theory about the origin of life and the universe. As in 1000 B.C., so today the insistent question "Where did the world come from?" holds an intense fascination for the human mind.

In the book under review, Canon Lemaitre, who is professor of mathematics at Louvain University and, after Einstein, one of the foremost contributors to the theory of relativity, does not give a final answer to this question, nor does he purport to throw any light on the relation of God to the universe. On this science as such is necessarily silent. The problem discussed by Lemaitre is that of using the data about the universe, unavailable to the writer of Genesis but now provided by recent physics and astronomy, to extrapolate backwards in time in order to decide from what previous state the present universe could have evolved. Few men alive today are equally qualified to attempt this task. He marshals the relevant facts with great skill and presents his theory in a thoroughly popular and readable manner. The mathematical buttressing of his argument is presented in a twenty-page appendix for the enjoyment of his more literate readers.

The hypothesis to which he is led is that the present regime of physical law has been in operation since three or four billion years ago at which time all the matter of the universe was concentrated in a very small volume at a terrific temperature. This *Primeval Atom* was a sort of furnace in which the heavier elements and cosmic rays were fabricated. Due to inhomogeneities, the primeval atom burst, spewing forth the galaxies of our familiar universe which, as observed, are rapidly receding from one another. Unlike Hoyle, whose broadcasts on Cosmology last year on the BBC caused a great stir and brought his chubby countenance on to the cover of *Time Magazine*, Lemaitre retains Einstein's General Theory of Relativity as the foundation to and limitation on his speculations.

Any intelligent person, and therefore any reader of this review, who wants to know the last word science has to offer on our opening question will gain pleasure and profit from Canon Lemaitre's book. And if his theory is taken with a grain of salt, as is appropriate with all scientific theories, no possible harm can result.

A. J. Coleman.

A CRITIQUE OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM: C. E. M. Joad; Gage; pp. 154; \$3.00.

This is an unusual book, not because of its originality or excellence but because it is devoted almost entirely to the criticism of one other book. The other book is A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, the wide influence of which is

evident from the fact that Professor Joad has written and published this rejoinder.

Ayer's book has become virtually the Anglo-Saxon textbook of Logical Positivism. As such it is almost as perfect an example of the presentation of dogma as the *Communist Manifesto*. In both cases all verbs are in the indicative mood, every sentence purports to be a statement of fact and nowhere are there any doubts or qualifications. Joad exposes the dogmatic and unsubstantiated character of the first principles on which Logical Positivism, which does not believe in first principles, is founded. The basic dogma is that for any proposition to be meaningful there must be some sense-experience which is relevant to the determination of its truth or falsity. It follows that science alone talks sense; scientism or scientism receives its definitive formulation and all metaphysics, theology and value judgments are ruled out as meaningless.

Joad is mainly concerned with the practical effects of such a philosophy on the minds of university students who are impressed with its self-confidence, its sweeping claims and its short and easy way with all difficult intellectual problems. If belief in God, justice, truth and beauty are nothing but "ejaculations of emotion," there is obviously no rational basis for the repudiation of the concentration camp, the big lie, mass murder or totalitarianism in general. Further, if all the important questions of life are relegated to the realm of emotion, the Nazis were clearly justified in their reliance on irrational myth and ritual as the appropriate tools of the rulers and the proper food of the masses.

A Critique of Logical Positivism serves the special purpose for which it was intended and should be put into the hands of all those who have been carried away by the specious brilliance of *Language, Truth and Logic*. D. R. G. Owen.

SPOTLIGHT ON FILMS: A Primer for Film-Lovers; Egon Larsen; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 301; illus.; \$3.25.

Mr. Larsen's material is divided unequally between historical and critical comments on movies in general, and a careful and most illuminating description of how a film is made, from the story-script through to the final product.

The historical and critical section is refreshingly free from preciosity; unfortunately it is also scrappy and superficial. He seems to have been content to parrot the critical clichés about such films as *Caligari* and *Dr. Mabuse*, pausing only to rephrase them in words of one syllable for the man in the street. On the other hand there is an interesting section on Czech films, and continental movies generally, which brings us up-to-date on what has been produced in the smaller European countries since the war; and a whole chapter on making films for Africans, children, and the newer productions of the U.S.S.R., which though brief, contains information not easily available elsewhere.

For the purely technical and mechanical aspects of film-making Mr. Larsen spent some time in the British studios at Ealing. Consequently his tone and his vocabulary are conspicuously English; but allowing for these differences, his descriptions of technical processes and problems are clear, detailed, and immensely interesting. Here, in fact, the lack of subtlety that spoils his critical approach is a definite asset. If only for a comprehensive survey of the increasingly complicated techniques of film production, *Spotlight on Films* should be a welcome addition to any film enthusiast's library.

D.M.S.

KNOW YOUR ISMS: Martin Dodge; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 74; \$2.00.

This little book, as the title suggests, is a kind of shorthand dictionary of the many isms which have gained

currency the last fifty years or so in the language of politics and economics. The book seeks to distinguish the different isms, indicate something of their historical origins, and define as tersely as possible their root meanings. In contrast to the grim realities of the contemporary scene, the level of simplification to which most of the terms are reduced gives to the book an almost fairy-tale quality; nonetheless, it should prove helpful to anyone who for the first time is trying to make some sort of primitive sense out of the bewildering jargon of competing modern social dogmas. The author lays claim to objectivity in his treatment of terms; indeed, he dedicates the book to "people without prejudice"; but writing for an organization known as American Viewpoint, Inc., it is not surprising that his objectivity takes on color and glow when he comes to the description of democracy, American style, and to the account of modified capitalism as its economic correlate. One feature of the book is that "the text has been set up to convey ideas instead of words," with the result that each page is chopped up, like an exercise in *verse libre*, to accentuate key words. For those who find the reading of whole sentences irksome, this device may exercise a certain attraction; for those who do not, it can only prove exasperating!

G.E.

PORTRAIT OF A TURKISH FAMILY: Irfan Orga; Longmans, Green; pp. 303; \$3.75.

In the present Asian revolutions it is interesting to read an account of a family that has experienced the process. Through the accidents of the first World War this middle-class family is reduced to poverty so that the author lives in and through the revolution. Here in its stark grimness is the chaos of a breaking society before the revolution.

Irfan Orga has a vivid style making for excellent character portrayal, especially of the two main characters, his mother who, with her rejection of the veil, represents the new Turkey, and the grandmother in her stubbornness standing for the old. Behind and around them are the amusing characters of servants at the beginning and the sympathetic younger brother, Mehemet. Distress eventually breaks the mother into madness, gives Mehemet a gentle resignation and the author an air of regretting detachment.

This occurs against a background of almost unbelievable chaos. The lack of organization of the Turkish army and War Office recalls the British in the Crimea: bad clothing and medical services and no notification of death to the soldiers' relatives—all this long before the eventual collapse. Through poverty the mother is driven to work in a government clothing factory: here is a real sweated wage-slavery for she and her fellow-workers are "confined to barracks."

Under this the family nearly breaks up. The children are sent to a charity school run by German sisters. From this Mehemet is removed at the point of death from disease and starvation. The end of the war brings relief. The children are admitted to a military school which, fortunately for them, is reformed shortly after their admittance. By then the reader is so interested in the fortunes of the family that he follows them as they climb out of the morass: the author to a flying officer's position and Mehemet to that of an Army doctor.

George Bennett.

SCAMP: Roland Camberton; Longmans, Green; pp. 256; \$2.25.

Roland Camberton has gathered into this story of a magazine (*Scamp*: "Lively, controversial, informative"), whose first issue almost appears, a considerable gallery of Soho figures. In fact, the editor of the magazine is fre-

quently no more than a guide who brings the reader into contact with the Bloomsburian Angus Sternforth Simms, the fascist Bert Flogcropper, the lunatic Philip Lank, the exiled Bolshevik Kroganin, the miserly old pervert Kagarianas. This technique, of course, has its difficulties: the magazine theme must finally be wrapped up and unless the scores of minor characters are to be openly acknowledged as mere entertaining supercargo, they must be included within this wrapping up. Yet since they have functioned through most of the book as supercargo, Camberton has no choice but to give them (in the last fifty pages) surprising and often strained relevance to the central character.

The author's tone is one of good-humored detachment, though his material occasionally overpowers him and he screams at an apparently irretrievably disordered world: "Such . . . was the unfortunate lot of pretty little Jojo, upon whom the grinning old monsters of sex and the city, with their dusty files of antique, cruel laws and customs, with their sordidities, their slums, their underhand ways and means, upon whom sex and London revenged themselves" (p. 186).

A. E. Mallock.

THE WRITER'S SITUATION: Storm Jameson; Macmillan; pp. 200; \$2.25.

The first two essays in this collection are concerned with the novel and the novelist of today; the changing social pressures which have altered the scope of the novel, and imposed a new sort of restraint, a new sort of direction on the novelist—particularly the English novelist. After making the rounds of W. H. Auden, Kate Roberts, a Welsh novelist, Maria Kuncewiczowa, a Polish writer, and the Parisian group, she returns to the problem of the writer and his social responsibilities in a time of crisis. Storm Jameson writes well; she asks more questions than she answers; and the answers she does make indicate that she believes that all novelists, short of the genius class, must think of themselves in relation to the community they inhabit. "To put it brutally, the writer is not born to express himself. His natural egoism is worthless unless it embraces the egoisms of others . . . the loyal writer must take the bitter trouble to find hard ground under the disorder and decay of society—and stand on it to write."

An interesting and provocative book; not profound, and wise only with the wisdom of common sense; but full of the grateful warmth of intelligence.

D.H.M.

THE SKY CLEARS — POETRY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS: A. Grove Day; Macmillan; pp. 182; \$3.50.

A sentence in the foreword sums up the purpose of this volume very well. Mr. Day writes, "This book is designed to present to the general reader a discussion of the best extant translations of poems from the North American Indian, as worthy contributions to American literature."

Whether the "general reader" will ever read *The Sky Clears* is doubtful. The discussion of the translation is not carried out with enough humanity and warmth to make it come alive for anyone without a previous interest in the subject matter. And, as the author also states, "The book is not intended as an essay in the comparative ethnology of all the North American tribes on the basis of their differences in poetic technique," which cuts down its usefulness to some serious researchers.

However, as a general introduction to the subject the book is undoubtedly of a great deal of value, and there is a fine bibliography at the back in which are listed all the sources on translations of Indian verse which the author has

been able to discover in a long period of exploration. Eskimo poetry is included.

A number of the poems are enjoyable reading on their own merit, and one learns some interesting facts about the content of Indian poetry—for instance, love poetry, so important in most literary heritages, is almost non-existent. Many of the short poems are reminiscent of the Imagists, in style and presentation. One of the most interesting works included is the long "Song of Nezahualcoyotl," by the most important Aztec poet, with which the book concludes.

Anne Marriott.

FOOTNOTE TO THE LORD'S PRAYER AND OTHER POEMS: Kay Smith; First Statement Press; pp. 36; \$1.00.

Reading this first and overdue collection of Kay Smith's work, one thinks sometimes "a great prince in prison lies," for the intensity of the poet's feeling, the importance of what she wishes to say, and her great poetic talent seem somehow barred and frustrated behind words which block her emotion and power of expression instead of freeing it.

Yet there are many memorably lovely lines and metaphors: "A moment of dragonfly brightness"; "Swans . . . with sense of symbol snow"; "Sky coloured like a child's angel." And there are whole poems which are successful, such as "O Time! O Talent of Love!" and "The Clown."

The long title poem, set last in the book, while patchy at times moves the reader deeply. All through Kay Smith's peculiar power of passion—and pity—is moving, sometimes under the unsuccessful surface but always we can sense its presence. Her intense religious feeling and belief in man's need for a restored sense of guilt and humility, in line with the convictions of many intellectuals today, give her work an importance among contemporary Canadian writers on the ground of content.

The sometimes half-suffocated prince may yet break from his prison and Kay Smith assume her full stature as one of our best and richest voices. There is still plenty of time but the sooner the better for Canadian writing.

Anne Marriott.

WILLIAM STUKELEY, AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ANTIQUARIAN: Stuart Piggott; Oxford; pp. 228; \$4.00.

At first blink this might be written off as a specialist's book. Yet perhaps some of its pleasures would be lost to the specialist. For it is one of those lovely, slow books, based on precise and solid knowledge, that unfolds for its readers a lost landscape and stimulates them to new explorations and reflections. The value of Stukeley's early archaeological observations and speculations are peacefully acknowledged. Where he became eccentric and unreliable as a scientist, the author shifts focus, leaving his errors in a kindly penumbra and stirring one's wonder instead at the intellectual problem of an age when rock and tomb were beginning to open immense, measurable vistas into prehistory, to be met abruptly in midcourse by unchallengeable, measurable events of Biblical history, until there seemed no alternative to a burgeoning of the sons of Noah in the society of early Britain.

M. Avison.

DESIRE WITHOUT CONTENT: James Courage; Longmans, Green; pp. 216; \$2.50.

This novel has been recommended by the Book Society; why, it is difficult to see. It is in no manner outstanding: the story is there; the prose is efficient if unmusical. Still, once one has got used to "dogs uttering sighs" and "saliva

escaping happily from a mouth," this account of the trials of a good woman in New Zealand may help to kill an evening. Mrs. Kendal, widow of a sheep-farmer, lives somewhere in the backwoods of the Dominion. Her son's mental age compares unfavorably with his chronological existence; his I.Q., therefore, forms a regrettable pattern. This goes on and on: the big boy falls in some sort of love, likes the idea, marries. He does not quite bring off killing his spouse—although that might have helped the tale along—so he is content with drowning his daughter. Don't despair: there is a happy end. The big boy chuckles on in an asylum, supposedly happy; "Mother" withdraws to assist charitable organizations, and the insipid wife re-marries. *Desire Without Content*, one is glad to note, is not the first part of an existentialist trilogy. Coming to think of it, if one does not expect too much, this is a rather entertaining book.

John Emwers.

THE HELL BOMB: William L. Laurence; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 198; \$3.25.

There is really nothing very new in Mr. Laurence's rather terrifying work to those who have kept abreast of the general field of development in atomic weapons. For the benefit of those who would wish for a closer, more technical peep at what makes an atom bomb work it is an admirable text-book. The amateur physicist will enjoy it.

In the atomic struggle between the United States and Soviet Russia the West has an enormous advantage, Mr. Laurence believes. When it comes to producing a hydrogen bomb, which is the Hell Bomb referred to in the title, the disparity assumes astronomical proportions in favor of America. Nevertheless, he makes it clear that this advantage is not as much consolation as it might at first seem, since only a small proportion of each side's stockpile could bring about apocalyptic destruction on both sides.

Mr. Laurence feels that control of atomic energy is the answer. He does not expect it to come about immediately. It will come in a program of achieving "limited objectives," beginning perhaps with the outlawry of the use of atomic weapons against civilian populations. The reader is left with a desperate hope that his program of limited objectives will begin at once.

K.B.

THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD: Edward Fuller; Longmans, Green (Gollancz); pp. 154; \$2.25.

Eglantyne Jebb founded in 1919 the Save the Children Fund. Mr. Fuller's book is a record of the development and achievements of this organization. The book is not the story of the life of Eglantyne Jebb but the history of one of the world's great social service organizations, which stands today as a memorial to her vision and industry. The Fund is approved by leaders from all the major religions, and has branches operating in all parts of the world. Its great humanitarian contribution lies in its policy to assist children in any country, be it friend or foe.

The Declaration of the Rights of the Child put forth by Miss Jebb in 1924 before the League of Nations is now accepted by the Social Commission of the United Nations. Free milk and hot meals in schools, homes for delinquents, nursery schools, junior clubs during the blitz, rehabilitation of D.P.'s were pioneered by the Fund. The book is an historical study of major importance to anyone interested in the welfare of children. It is a valuable resource book for the child welfare worker.

Alan F. Klein.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE: Margaret Case Harriman; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 300; \$3.75.

The story of the Algonquin Round Table is a report on the clique of New York literary and stage celebrities and

their satellites who met at the Algonquin Hotel during the twenties and thirties. Since the group included Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woolcott, Harold Ross, Robert Sherwood, Robert Benchley and many less spectacular associates, all the innkeeper's daughter needed was a good memory and a notebook. The most enjoyable part of the book is the long list of quoted puns, wisecracks and anecdotes which flew through the air with the greatest of ease (or effort) at these famous gatherings.

This account of the goings-on is rather like a peek into the back office of the *New Yorker*, a light amusing sort of gossip about The Big Names, unimportant but diverting if you have a taste for this sort of thing. But where did Miss Harriman get the idea that "nothing like the Round Table . . . had ever been seen before"? Did she ever hear of the Mermaid Tavern? And it seems to me there were once some boys in Athens . . .

The excellent caricatures which enhance this volume are by Al Hirschfeld. **H.T.K.**

TELEVISION AND OUR CHILDREN: Robert Lewis Shayon; Longmans, Green; pp. 94; \$2.00.

A radio author and critic looks inquiringly into our greatest advance in mass media and its effect upon our children in *Television and Our Children*, a compilation of articles written for the *Christian Science Monitor*. The book reviews the fundamental concepts of child development and discusses the effect TV has upon our children's attitudes and habits.

Mr. Shayon believes that the regulation of TV is not the answer to our worries. He feels that the well-run home, which gives the child warmth and understanding, develops social values and critical judgment in the child, which offset anything one can see or hear on television. He indicates that the future of television depends upon us, the listener. If we do not buy advertised products, programs will not be sponsored or produced.

The idea of listeners' councils is explored and a hope is expressed that governmental and educational authorities will be convinced of the need to build TV stations for educational purposes. Based upon experience in the United States, this small volume offers good advice to the Canadian parent, teacher, or citizen, interested in the future of television in Canada. **Alan F. Klein.**

FINISTERE: Fritz Peters; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 306; \$3.75.

A second novel by Fritz Peters, and not the usual lending library material. It deals exclusively with the tragedy of an adolescent homosexual disoriented by divorce. Mr. Peters spares us nothing in exploring this theme, and deals powerfully with adolescent emotions.

Young Matthew's is the prototype of the classic case history, the selfish mother, the attachment to the father substitutes, his betrayal into the arms of a corrupted school-master are inevitable developments. The set are Americans in Paris. Because the hero is young and fair and his moods convincing, the tragedy is real. But there is an insuperable flaw in this novel. When the writer is dealing with casual scenes and secondary characters the style is that of a slick magazine story and the characters lifeless. This artificial setting is in strange contrast to the heavily charged writing which describes the relationship of the boy and the man, resulting in a disjointed effect which detracts greatly from the force of the novel. It is rather like a high-powered car with no intermediate gear. **H.T.K.**

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP: Barbara Willard; Macmillan; pp. 381; \$2.25.

This is a fictionalized account of the life of Sir Philip Sidney. "Historical fiction" is a sort of oxymoronic bastard

—congenitally weakened—anyway, but Miss Willard still could have done something better with it. As history, it sounds authentic enough, at least up to Miss Willard's unhappy attempts to get inside her characters, particularly Sidney of course. The everyday psychology of an historical figure, especially a poet, is a pretty difficult thing to render convincingly: the rigidly exterior point of view is safest. Anyway, whatever did go on in Sidney's mind, it certainly wasn't the pallid calf-love which is what Miss Willard envisages. She has a fair knack for retrieving interest by the occasional strategic quotation of one of Sidney's sonnets. On the other hand, these unfortunately tend to make the rest of the book look like irrelevant footnotes.

Duncan Robertson.

MAN'S DESTINY IN ETERNITY: Arthur H. Compton and others; S. J. Reginald Saunders (The Beacon Press); pp. 238; \$3.50.

A retail merchant of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, provided in his will for the endowment of lectures in alternate years upon "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge" and "The Immortality of Man." One should hasten to add

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that the distinguished theologians, philosophers and scientists who gave the lectures do not suggest that there is any connection between these beliefs and success in retail trade, nor indeed did the testator, Mr. M. T. Garvin, in the language of his bequest. The essays are held together by little more than the publisher's binding, for the writers are as diverse as A. H. Compton, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr and F. C. S. Northrop. The essays will give an intelligent, though very brief account of their authors' ideas to anyone who only has time for this *hors d'oeuvre* approach to the subject. F.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

VOL. 6, No. 70, JULY, 1926, *The Canadian Forum*

For some years there has been persistent, if rather ineffective, agitation for the reform or abolition of the Senate; but it is not likely that any action will be taken so long as the bulk of the electorate is not keenly interested in the subject. The Upper House has been moderately active in nipping the buds of any legislation of a faintly radical nature, but so far few of the bills which have been gracefully garrotted in the Red Chamber have dealt with measures in which the public was vitally interested. Compared to Great Britain and some other countries, Canada is fully a generation behind in social legislation, and if the action of the Senate in throwing out the Old Age Pensions Bill is an earnest of their future policy no great progress can be made along these lines until this power of censorship is drastically curtailed. . . . Perhaps it would be rather appropriate if, in killing this bill, the Senate should provoke a popular conviction that there is at least one class of pensioners which might, with advantage, be eliminated.

Our Contributors

W. W. E. ROSS graduated in chemistry from the University of Toronto in 1915. Since 1923 he has been in the employ of the Dominion government as a geophysicist at the Agincourt Magnetic Observatory. . . . HUGH GARNER, of Toronto, is a well-known contributor of fiction to Canadian periodicals and is the author of two novels, *Storm Below* and *Cabbagetown*. . . . LAURENCE HYDE was born in London, England. He came to Canada in 1926 and studied art at the Central Technical School, Toronto. The wood-engravings by him, reproduced in this issue, have been made for a book to contain 120 such engravings entitled, *Southern Cross*. . . . GEORGE WEBER, of Edmonton, will contribute an article, "The Art of Serigraphy," to our August issue.

The Canadian Forum Book Service will accept orders for THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE ARTS, LETTERS AND SCIENCES (\$3.50), King's Printer; also advance orders for CANADIAN CULTURE (\$1.00), pocket size summary of the Report edited by Albert A. Shea and scheduled for publication in July by Thos. Nelson & Sons.

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